

From Fraser's Magazine.  
IMPERIALISM.

THERE has been for some time past a growing desire for some kind of despotism. It is not settled whether it is to be the despotism of the Cæsars, of the Tudors, of the Bourbons, of the Stuarts, of the Buonapartes, or of Jack Cade. But this much is clear, that to some who owe all they are to English freedom, English freedom has become a weariness, an obstruction, and a nuisance. It is as well to look before we leap. Freedom comes to the unwilling, she does not return to the willing, slave.

In the late war, people were all for a vigorous despotism. Under a despotism everything would have gone well with us, as it did with France and Russia. Under a despotism, we should have gained in forty years of peace the experience and habits of war; youthful genius would have commanded our armies as well as those of Austria; the *Prince* would not have gone down; our camp would have been as free from suffering as the French; our operations would have been guided by the omniscience which controlled Crimean generals from St. Petersburg, and tried to control them from Paris. Under a despotism, there would have been no favoritism and no jobbing. The native element of favoritism and jobbing is public opinion: they perish before a czar.

If you have for your despot a soldier like Frederic or Napoleon, or a lover of glory like Louis Quatorze, you will have vigorous war, and enough of it. You will see all the resources of your country wielded to your heart's content for one great object by one strong hand. You may live on gazettes and grass, and read in a desolate home the glorious tidings that you have made homes desolate from Moscow to Madrid. What were the horrors of the Revolution to the horrors of the Russian campaign? Such despotism is of course welcome to soldiers by trade, as you may see whenever a Napier speaks of the enlightened and civilizing brigandage of Napoleon. But that war is better waged or borne with more constancy by an ordinary despot than by a commonwealth, is a notion

belied by all history, from Marathon to Sebastopol. Was the administration of the Aulic Council in the campaigns of Italy less trammelled by "red tape" than those of the English War-office in the Crimea? And as to favoritism, was it a people's minister or a king's mistress that, after Rosbach, gave another army to "poor Soubise?" Was it a constitutional government or an enlightened despot that sent the dying St. Arnaud as the price of services in a conspiracy, to paralyze the march on Sebastopol, and entail on the two armies the murderous misadventure of the winter siege? The English minister was condemned; the French Emperor was lauded to the skies. But if the French army had been led by the great generals of France then in exile, instead of the accomplice of the Usurpation, the English minister's army would have wintered in Sebastopol.

Compare the generals and war ministers whom Louis Quatorze inherited from Huguenotism and the Fronde, with those whom he made for himself by absolute monarchy before the end of his reign. Or, if the Roman Empire is a type, compare the generals of the Senate with the generals of the Emperors; compare the conduct of the Senate to Marius and Cæsar when in command against the public enemy, with the conduct of the Emperors to Germanicus, Agricola, Belisarius. Politics is an experimental science; and those who, in their treatment of it, wish to be specially scientific, are bound to have special regard to facts. Where are the facts that prove that, in their choice or treatment of generals or any other public servants, commonwealths are swayed by private passion or interests, and despots by the public good?

Vigorous administration is one source of victory in war; valor is another. Valor lives by glory, and glory is the praise of a free people. "What will they say of us in *England*?" would lose its victorious magic, if *England* were a despot and a despot's minister at war. Despots, however grateful and condescending, cannot decree that "bubble reputation" for which the soldier dies. The decorations which they bestow want that

which alone makes decorations shine on the soldier's breast. Czars find it more useful in extremity to serve out spirits; and if the crosses of the Buonapartes have a lustre, it is the light of liberty which lingers on them yet. These crosses will soon grow dull bits of metal, graciously conferred by an imperial master's hand. Cæsar and Napoleon learnt victory to win the hearts of commonwealths. Even Frederic played the hero, not so much to his brother monarchs or his courtiers, as to the philosophic republic of Voltaire. The legions of the Russian and German campaigns did not fulfil the ardent calculations of their chief like the famished and unshodden crusaders of Arcola. The destined destroyer of the Roman Commonwealth bridged the Rhine in face of the German hordes, because he thought it due to the majesty of the Senate and the people. When was such flattery offered to a Cæsar?

Besides, if we must have a despot for war, let us have him for war only. Let us take a lesson from the Romans, who met a military emergency as a military emergency, and boiled their pot with a faggot and not with their roof-tree. Let us have, not a despotism, but a dictator; and let the dictator have full power to tax and conscribe, to defy public opinion, to magnify all our victories in indisputable bulletins, and conceal all our disasters and defeats. A casemate may be a good thing in a siege; but why should we live in a casemate?

But a despot is desired for peace as well as war. People wish we had a good despot to drain London. In other words, they wish they had a man master of their lives, property, and religion, and whose children should be masters of their children's lives, property, and religion, that he might by his fiat make a sewer. But in the first place, is it not as well to have a little patience with English liberty, which, having made London, may after all prove able to drain it? May it not be wise to give the science of Watt and Stevenson time to contrive a ladder before you cut down the fruitful tree to reach that which is not the fairest of its fruits? And in the second place, does it appear that despots are as much given to making sewers as they are to building palaces for an august being, and monuments to an august name?

The most philosophic imperialists, however, are those who want an enlightened despot to hasten the march of their own social

theories, the complete ascendancy of which may otherwise be delayed by the influence of sophists and the tardiness of the human mind, still lingering in the theological stage of social investigation. These friends to humanity (they are sincere friends to humanity) are necessarians. And necessarians hastening the march of events are, philosophically speaking, in rather a singular position. We might also say that they, like the despotic drainers, are cutting down the tree to reach one of the fruits: but they have distinctly ascertained from Destiny that their opinions are the last as well as the strangest birth of time, and that the tree of liberty having borne this golden fruit, may as well be cut down, for it will bear no more forever.

The emperor of these philosophers is not to be a common emperor, ruling by his own lights and after his own way, but an embodiment of national will and enlightened opinion. Figurative language is dangerous in politics. A poet, and still more a poetess, may be allowed, with an eye in a very fine frenzy rolling, to see all that is great and wise in France concentrated on the brow of the Emperor; but in matter of fact Louis Napoleon is Louis Napoleon, and nothing more. A man can have no will and no wisdom but his own: you cannot transfuse yours into him through a ballot-box. When you have made him and his heirs your lords forever, there will be nothing in his heart or brain which was not there before, except the fire of unbridled power. He will not be a bit more master of that vast range of social, political, and administrative knowledge, which would be as far beyond the grasp of a Charlemagne now as modern science would be beyond the grasp of an Aristotle, and which is contributed from countless minds to the laws and government of a free nation. You will have placed the will of one again above the reason of all, thereby reversing, like true philosophers, the greatest step ever made by man. But you will have done nothing more. The first despot may be of your party; and if so, he may carry out your views by force, and oppress your opponents. But his successors?

The Comtist imperialists promise us a scientific hierarchy and Pope as a check to their political despot. It is a great and unexpected honor to the Papal system to be copied by M. Comte. But the copy is like the Chi-

nese copy of a steamer, with a bundle of burning straw for the smoke. The Papal system of spiritual control was worked by the terrors of hell, for which we fear the terrors of philosophic reprobation would prove but a Chinese substitute. The mediæval chiefs of the Executive, when they took a fancy for your head or your money, cared little enough for being dammed; and the modern chiefs of the Executive, if disposed to depart from the true principles of social science, would, too probably, care less for being pronounced unscientific. Besides, we should fear another compromise between the two authorities, in virtue of which you would be cast out of the church of Science for suing out your Habeas Corpus, and burned for confuting M. Comte.

It is fair to mention that the priests of social science are expected to have far more power over the lawless passions of men in general, and despots in particular, when morals shall have been re-constructed on physical principles. Justice and humanity will gain new force when we are once convinced that they are physiological, and not divine. What makes men fall into vice is their being still in the theological stage of social and ethical science, and fancying that virtue, instead of being the dictate of their cranium, is the will of God. But we may reasonably ask that the regeneration of philosophy should be actually accomplished before the destinies of man are staked on the result. Give the moonbeams of the Laputan sage time to ripen into cucumbers, before you place the ordinary vegetable beyond our reach. We say this in the most liberal sense, and merely from a desire, which we trust is not unphilosophical, of combining the existence with the progress of our species.

One thing is surprising. The Comtists are most severe in exacting the highest scientific training for politics. You must go through all the sciences in the inverse order of their complexity, from mathematics (of which it would seem you must be a master in you teens) to biology, before you venture to open your lips upon political subjects. Not only so—if we understand rightly, you must trace the whole scientific progress of humanity, and begin with fetchy mathematics to end in positive social science. Yet some of M. Comte's disciples want to make

a peasant emperor. Is it that ignorance is the next best thing in government to omniscience? Is it that the head of a peasant is less likely to be turned by the elevation? Nature seems to have intended the educated classes to contribute the work of their heads to the common fund of society, as the peasant contributes the work of his hands. But highly educated men wish to reverse this arrangement. Let them remember that reading and writing were treason under Jack Cade, and that the republic of the Sansculottes had no need of chemists. No doubt they say in their hearts that the right-minded among the educated classes will still be had in honor, and stand as ministers of wisdom beside the Sansculottic throne; and perhaps they think that the rest may be mercifully allowed to remain in a depressed state as the purchasers and admirers of strong publications against themselves. But again we say, remember Jack Cade!

We could understand a French terrorist desiring the despotism of a Lyons operative, because such a despot would wreak the vengeance of his class on the noble and the rich. French terrorists do the noble and the rich the honor, never done them by a Master of the Ceremonies or a Herald's Office, to believe that their blood can regenerate mankind. But these cruel and cowardly hankerings have not yet found a place in English hearts.

We have not yet been told how the first democratic emperor is to be appointed. By universal suffrage, we presume. But how to get to the ballot is the difficulty. In the case of Cæsar, Cromwell, and both Bonapartes, the process was greatly simplified by a military pre-election. We should like a French Imperialist to tell us what would have happened if the people, in the free exercise of the highest of all prerogatives, had voted *No*. Nor, again, is the mode of succession in a democratic empire yet settled. Sometimes it seems as if an occasional break in the hereditary line—such as that which raised to the throne the late Czar Nicholas and the present Emperor of Austria—would be enough to make the empire democratic. At other times it seems to be intended that the empire should be bequeathed by sage to sage or clown to clown, nobody being capable of the bequest before the age of thirty or thirty-five—a rule which would always be kept in the spirit though it would often be

broken in the letter, since the wisdom of the sons of princes always outstrips their years. One thing only seems clearly determined, that is, that these despots are always to be wise and good. It is a sage provision; for if the life of a nation is summed up in one man, and that man is a fool or a miscreant, what is the life of the nation?

It is strange that Comtists should go down to the uneducated classes for a despot; and it is equally strange that they should go back to the Roman Empire for the type of their government. Their key to history is the law of necessary progress. According to their philosophy (which we readily admit to be not without its merits in the way of enlarging our historical sympathies), every institution, slavery and cannibalism included, is good for its day, and for its day only. Reaction is with them the one political sin. Julian and Philip the Second stand doomed in their calendar to everlasting execration, not for having been supremely wicked (which Julian at least was not), but for having been supremely retrograde; a doom which, by the way, seems to us, on the necessarian theory, rather hard, inasmuch as the receding wave is as necessary, and therefore as little open to stricture, as the advancing tide. And yet, this being the theory of the world, we, the heirs of all the ages, the contemporaries of M. Comte, are to retrograde eighteen centuries, and, philosophically disregarding the most glaring difference of circumstance, borrow from a heathen empire of many subject nations a constitution for a single Christian nation at the present day. This is of a piece with the proposal to put back our international relations to a time when there were no Northern Powers, no Austria, no Prussia, no Holland, no British Colonies, no Turkey, no India, no United States, and when all the countries of the civilized world were provinces of Rome. So strange are the attempts which are made by generous hearts, and even by highly endowed minds, to put off the burden and change the lot of man.

What the Roman Empire was to Rome and to the world, and whether English and Christian liberty would be well exchanged for it, the historians of Rome and Constantinople and the writers of the New Testament, must say. If they are not to be believed, there is no history of the Roman Empire at all. Fancy may revel in the void.

The Roman emperors added to the command of the army the tribuneship of the people, not as a check, but as a weapon of absolute power. They feared, like the Bourbons, the mob of their capital. They gorged its cruel cowardies with provincial slaughter, and its indolence with largesses of provincial corn, which extinguished forever the agriculture and the free peasantry of Italy. They gave it in public baths and theatres a tithe perhaps of what they lavished in golden houses, fabulous yachts, triumphal causeways over the sea, banquets of the gods, Tigellini and Narcissi. They gave it, too, the blood of the nobles: but that blood failed to redeem its degradation, or to lave its shame. Such was the democracy (which it seems has never before been noticed) of Imperial Rome. Milton had read the classics, and knew liberty and justice when he saw them, and knew a great ruler when he saw him too; but to Milton the Roman Emperors seemed common tyrants. It is true that Milton thought of mind and spirit: to him mere order was not all.

The provinces accepted the Empire as a relief; and their state under the Senate half redeemed the usurpation which, in a modern free state without subject provinces, is an unmixed crime. They accepted it as a relief, but did they find it one? Much is said upon the subject although little is known. We know that the fairest lands of Italy became a waste; that in other countries the canker of huge estates and slave labor spread till six grandees owned a great province. We know the pregnant fact that a capitation tax, not taxes on property or luxuries, was the great fiscal expedient of this democratic, nay, Socialist, government. We know that the miserable serfage of Gaul ended in a peasant war as horrible as the Jacqueries. We know what was the condition and what the fate of the only people which did not worship Cæsar, but God. The imperial brow of Tiberius is much in fashion; we have no bust of Pilate.\*

\* The puny paradoxes of the present Tiberians are dwarfed by the Rev. John Rendle's "*History of that inimitable Monarch Tiberius, who, in the fourteenth year of his reign, requested the Senate to permit the worship of Jesus Christ; and who, in the sixteenth and three following years, or before the conversion of Cornelius by Peter, suppressed all opposition to it.*" According to this learned and ingenious writer (he seems both learned and ingenious) Tiberius retired to Capræ for religious



When the barbarians attacked the civilized world, did they find it defended by loyal citizens or by heartless slaves?

In judging the Empire, we must keep it clear of Christianity. We must see it by itself, with the morals of Juvenal and Petronius, and with Cæsar for God. It persecuted the Church first, and made her a tyranny afterwards. It could not help persecuting her at first, because she taught the worship of God instead of Cæsar, and rebuked unbridled lust. It could not help making her a tyranny afterwards, for civil tyranny and religious tyranny have ever been one. Is the father of his people to be careless of their faith? Is the shepherd to allow his sheep to stray out of the fold of life?

In Diocletian you had a peasant Emperor of Rome; in both respects your very ideal. And did Diocletian keep a peasant heart upon the throne? Was he the tribune of the people? First of all the emperors, he put off the last remnant of republican simplicity, put on the full insignia of vulgar royalty, hedged himself with the divinity of eunuch pomp, and utterly ceased to live a man among his fellow-men. He first established that regular court hierarchy of oppression and extortion which makes one wail of the rest of Byzantine history. He set himself up to be worshipped as a god, and persecuted the religion of the poor. And let those who seek peace in political suicide remember that his reign—the consummation and perfection, according to Imperialists, of the imperial system—was followed by eighteen years of confusion and civil war.

It has been the fate of Marcus Aurelius to give lustre to a form of government which he by precept, and, so far as in depurposes and to avoid the malignity of the anti-Christian Senate: he forbade instant executions to prevent another hasty crucifixion, and abolished the right of assylum on account of the release of Barabbas. Tiberius is styled the "nursing father of the Catholic Church," and "the first defender of the faith." The book seems to have passed unnoticed. In 1813, when it was published, people were perhaps too much engrossed with the tremendous present to care much for paradoxes about the past. There is one contemporary writer whose testimony respecting Tiberius should not be overlooked: it seems decisive at once as to the creed and the life of that prince. "*Quid scribam vobis, P. C. aut quomoda scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore, Dii me Deaque pejus perdant, quam perire me quotidie sentio, si scio.*"

graded Rome he could, by practice, emphatically condemned. The imperial stoic was called to the throne by a concurrence of happy accidents—by the childlessness of Hadrian, and by the death of the gay nobleman who was destined to be Hadrian's suuccessor. He did what wisdom and virtue invested with absolute power can do, by respiting misery and snatching an hour from decay. He could not bequeath to a race of hopeless slaves political virtue, or the public happiness which political virtue alone secures. He did bequeath them Commodus.

The founder of the Roman Empire is becoming the idol of literary men, who seem to think that they put off the reproach of a gentle calling and invest themselves with factitious manhood by identifying themselves with the strong oppressors of the world; and who have found room for the Cæsar and Christian system of morals, as it were for the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems of astronomy, in one comprehensive mind. Cæsar was in one sense a great man, as the founder of an empire will in one sense always be. He had in perfection that genius for organization which is only inferior to the genius for giving life. His age tempted and excused profligate ambition. He did not look on the moral agony of a great nation struggling to be free and to free mankind, and see in that agony a vulgar crown for his own selfish pride. In him appeared the lust of his successors, but not yet mated with their cruelty; and his selfishness was the limit of his crimes. The founder of the Empire was a great man, but the Empire which he founded was Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, civil war.

A city of bandits and debauchees, an effete nobility, a rabble of political lazzaroni, a world of oppressed and plundered provinces, without a moral faith and without a God, sank down beneath a sensualist despotism. Such we are bidden to believe was the natal hour, and such the origin, of the perfect polity, the noblest work of man. And what were the authors of that work? Cæsar and writers paint the infamy of the Antonies, who were destined to set their feet on the necks of Cicero and Cato, and applaud the irony of fate. Fate may be ironical, but Providence is not. Providence

does not inspire selfish ambition with great thoughts for the good of the world, or send moral blessings to mankind by the hand of swindlers and debauchees.

The few Romans who still, with all their faults and all their grotesqueness, believed in God, in spirit and in duty, fell struggling for those which (as they saw no free Christendom beyond) seemed to them the last liberties of mankind—those liberties which, if they were not as Christian liberties, had yet raised the head of humanity above Babylon and Persia, and brought the majesty of law into an anarchic world. It is equally foolish to hate and to imitate the character of the Roman Stoics; Nature has long broken the stern mould in which that character was cast, and given to virtue a gentler and a more gracious form. Their last struggles are summarily condemned in the name of Destiny. That is an easy rule of historical judgment which always damns the fallen; that is an easy philosophy of history which turns all events into laws with a "must." But give Destiny her time. When the world had tried Cæsar and Epicurus to the full, Cato mounted the throne in the Antonines.

The French Empire, again, was proclaimed by liberal journalists, after the fireworks at Paris, to be a new kind of despotism. With submission, it is not new, but young. "At first," says Plato, of the democratic despots of his own and of all times—"at first he goes about greeting all he meets with smiles and caresses, repudiating the name of despot, and promises largely to individuals and the public, and relieves men of their debts, and gives lands to the commonalty and his friends, and wears an aspect of goodwill and gentleness towards all." This, while liberty still throbs, while the ashes of national honor still glow, while public opinion still retains something of its power, while the subjects are not yet born slaves. Then comes the secure and full-grown despot. There is a twilight between day and night. Has history taught us even this simple lesson in vain?

The literary courtiers of the French Empire themselves call it a restoration of the Roman Empire, whose history it officially protects. Its origin is kindred, and not more divine. It, too, sprang from the cor-

ruption, not from the perfection, of society: it, too, was at best not the choice of the nation's wisdom, but the refuge of its abject fear. Wild and dangerous chimeras threatening the first principles of society; vanity, miscalled ambition, stifling patriotism in public men; the undermining by a host of profligate sophists of those foundations of personal and domestic morality in which political virtue rests; the eclipse of religious faith; the want of respect for principles and the extravagant adoration of military glory which are the badges and curses of the Celt,—these causes, turning a nation of men for the moment into the semblance of a herd of wild beasts, enabled, and to some eyes required, a military despot to become their keeper. We believe that the usurpation of both the first and the second Bonaparte was a crime. We believe that in both cases a Washington might have found virtue enough to appeal to, and have saved French liberty, though in the first case not without a Dictatorship. It needs a soul as well as a head to judge whether the hope of a nation is gone. The question is not to be settled by the parasites of an usurper craving for a Versailles, or by political intriguers who know nothing of liberty but faction, or by the dry hearts of jaded debauchees. But be it that the French Empire was a necessity to torn and demoralized France: so is the plague a necessity to a foul and drunken city. It is a necessity not to be adored or propagated. If France has forfeited her liberties, she has not forfeited ours.

The founder of the French Empire was a Corsican mercenary, trained in the evil school, first of civil, then of foreign war. He had never seen—his colossal meanness was probably incapable of seeing—the beauty and grandeur of ordered freedom, or the moral privileges which belong only to the free. With a mind of surpassing genius for war and statecraft, he had a heart most full of all selfishness, fraud, and falsehood, most void of all noble thoughts, humanity, and God. Religion he had none, but that worship of his star which is the delirium of vanity in the heart of an atheist. He gloated with a pitiless heart over battle-fields, writhing and putrescent with the victims of as vulgar a vanity as ever turned the brain of a Xerxes. He divorced the best of wives,

the foundress of his fortunes, to marry a princess; and when his course of selfishness was run, and his last field of murder lost, he stood in shelter to see the Old Guard die. He was the greatest mountebank in history. Never for an hour did his soul rise above the most vulgar kingcraft: never did he show a spark of sympathy with that which is really great in men. At home, his dull, pedantic tyranny crushed thought and life, and turned a nation to a well-drilled camp; abroad, his brigand oppression made native tyrants dear to their people. His memory may be adored by a nation which deems the loss of its own honor and happiness compensated by the privilege of trampling on the honor and happiness of others. He may stand in the place of God in the title page and in the soul of M. Thiers, whose lying page will ever be his proper shrine. But are moral beings to bow to such an idol, or to accept at his hand the law of moral natures and the rule of government for the world?

The banner of his successor, and the restorer of what he called his dynasty, hangs among those of the chivalry of England in the Chapel of the Garter; and therefore we are required, as loyal subjects, to suppose that the Garter can bind honor on Louis Napoleon's knee. It is weakness to say what this man and his associates are, since not the less they have their feet on the neck of that which was a free nation. Thus much only we would have remembered, that the Imperial friends of order twice, while France was at peace under a constitutional monarchy, set up in their own interest the standard of civil war. Twice they conspired against the State and were the ridicule of the world: a third time they conspired with all the forces of the State in their hands, and were miracles of genius. Of how many Redpaths may not the ambition have been excited to lofty aims by the triumphal progress of the heroes of the *Coup d'Etat* through the shouting streets of a nation once jealous of morality and honor!

In France, as at Rome, the Empire rests on that strange exponent of human reason, military force; and it is doing its utmost to attach the prætorians to the person of the sovereign, and to sever them from the people. In France, as at Rome, as at St. Petersburg, as at Vienna, it adds to military force, moral corruption; and encourages dissipation as

an antidote to thought. Nay, it has improved on the "bread and shows" of Rome by the new anti-moral stimulant of gambling speculation. In France, as at Rome, it detests and is detested by active intellect, strict morality, rational religion: in France, as at Rome, it receives the unanimous support of the usurers, the priesthood, and the debauchees.

In France, too, as at Rome, the Empire wears certain popular forms, which are not idle, since they dupe. It even affects a sort of socialism, and fancies that it acts the vicegerent, if not the equal, of Providence, in attempting to break the laws of economical science. It fixes a maximum price of bread, while it clears away the dwellings of laborers to build splendid streets in the Emperor's honor. It professes to rule, not by common hereditary right, but by the grace of that God of all tyrants who blesses immoral success; and by the will of the people, which wills, it seems, that the son of the present Emperor should be its absolute lord and master, even though he prove a Commodus. Its very freedom from all moral and constitutional restraint is not without a charm in the eyes of some who call themselves democratic. To the terrorist every form of license is more welcome than any form of ordered liberty; and anarchy is dearer than tyranny, tyranny than law.

But we must not carry the parallel to pedantay. After all, the French Empire is as the other despotisms of Europe. It loves, hates, fears, acts, conspires with its kind. It apes their state, and surrounds itself with all that is unmanly and debased in their parasitic trains; while Court preachers find the deepest depth of sycophancy in affecting freedom. It vies with them in ignoble luxury, and in squandering on selfish magnificence and ostentation the public money, which, lavished in imperial grandeur, dwarfs, to the eyes of pleasure-hunters, the paltry hospitals of freedom. It would copy their aristocracies, if an aristocracy could be had for money. It holds their Italian god upon his throne. It has, like them, its State religion, for which, like them, it will persecute, and shows already that it will persecute, when it dares. Like them, it is the enemy, though as yet the cautious and stealthy enemy, not only of

sedition newspapers, but of literary freedom. It tries at present to bribe and suborn intellect; it will soon learn and dare to suppress it. The Jesuit, whose instinct is sure, knows it for his own: and as he sees it stand on the ruins of French thought and freedom, he says in his heart that the world is his, after all, and that the cause of truth and liberty has had its hour. Surely the man whose moral judgment it can blind with its tinsel and condescension must be a more than Celt.

Few perhaps of the English admirers of the French Empire have made up their minds that it is to last forever. They say France has need of repose for a time. Perhaps France says so to herself. And so says to himself the exhausted traveller in the Alpine storm. He, too, needs repose for a time, after which he will rise refreshed, and push forward to his hospice. But how long a sleep does the traveller need? How long a disuse of the limbs does the patient require, in order to restore their powers? How long an abstinence from political action will confirm a nation in political virtue? How soon will despotism fit slaves for self-government? It is necessary to decide, that MM. Morny and Fould may know when the happy hour is come for restoring the liberties and the honor of their country.

But the ancient world before Cæsar, and the modern before Napoleon, had seen a relapse to what is called the type of all good government, the government of the first human herds. In the corruption of Greek liberty—that liberty to which, with all its shortcomings, and all its crimes, we owe the priceless heritage of intellectual freedom,—Aristotle proclaimed that the best of all governments was that of a good shepherd over his sheep. Aristotle saw Alexander, but not the succeeding shepherds. Let us speak with discreet reverence of the Greek Sultans of Antioch and Alexandria, as of the eunuchs of Constantinople, as of the Dukes of Lombardy, as of all miscreants who have also been tyrants. On them too, in their turn, the sun of paradox will shine: and the courts of the Antiochi and the Ptolemies will prove to be the mature and perfect fruit, of which the crude imperfect germ is to be found in the Sparta of Leonidas and the Athens of Pericles.

From the troubles of the Fronde rose Louis

Quatorze, triumphant, not over feudalism only, but over parliaments and charters, and the evil and restless spirit of Protestant reform. How splendid was that dawn, with a nation full of life and hope, with all that military administrative and literary genius of Huguenots, Jansenists, old Frondeurs! How tragic was that evening, with a famished and decimated people, loaded with all the crimes, stripped of all the glory and gain of conquest, with courtier generals, weak and corrupt ministers, desperate finance, genius levelled and living faith exterminated by the jealous and persecuting pedantry of an omnipotent bigot; and France, the France of Colbert, Turenne, and Pascal, already launched irredeemably on the dark and steep descent that led through the Regency and Louis Quinze to the Revolution! Spain, too, saw her intractable Cortes prostrated under Charles V., and stands a monument of that Imperial providence which could bring to atheism, vileness, and famine, a religious and chivalrous people, lord of the riches of two worlds. How strong and grand a thing is despotism, if one evil despot, and he but half evil, can in his single life-time kill a nation!

Turbulent as freedom may be called, English freedom has run smooth, except when, not the sedition of the people, but the usurpation of the King, brought on the Rebellion and the Revolution. At the time of the Rebellion, the philosopher of Malmesbury, looking on a world full of deep controversy and heroic strife, saw, with a vision unsurpassed in clearness, that deep controversy and heroic strife were disagreeable and even dangerous to William Hobbes. This great fact was the basis of his political system, which harmonized with and probably suggested his philosophy and his religion. To him man was pure selfishness, which sometimes took the frank form of rapacity and cruelty—sometimes disguised itself as the self-devotion of a martyr, the charity of an apostle, or the love of a mother. God was omnipotence, and his worship, fear. A keeper was to be found for society, to save from each other's fangs those fierce and cunning wild beasts called men. In this keeper (the "mortal god" of the political atheist and coward), not our will only, but our conscience, and (smallest of all sacrifices) our religion, was to be merged and lost. It is

suggested indeed, as a comfort for the more scrupulous, that only the outward profession, not the inward belief, of established falsehood is required for the public security and peace. Let any man go down into the horrible crypt of that philosophy who would really know what it is to breathe the pure air and see the blessed light of liberty, charity, and truth. It has been said that Cromwell was Hobbes' "Leviathan." But Cromwell, whatever may have been his errors or his crimes, was not Napoleon. He was a great man, he had fought for great principles, and he had a God. Arbitrary power was forced on him, partly perhaps by his own fault, principally by the faults of others; but he loved civil and religious freedom, and he loved it to the end.

Hobbes was not the last of the Hobbists. There are other friends of a strong government. In France, at least, they have unhappily had too much justification. But what is meant by a strong government? In one sense, that government is strong which is unrestrained by law. In another sense, that government is not strong which needs the support of half a million of bayonets, which dreads the pen of the merest scribbler, which quakes at the whisper of a *salon*. On the other hand, that government, though responsible and limited, is not without a strength of its own, which can sustain the utmost freedom of the press; which can bear the greatest agitations of opinion; which passed, without a rupture of the public peace, through Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws; and which, taunted with weakness by the despotic monarchies of Europe, has seen all the despotic monarchies of Europe in the dust. And again, that government is in one sense stable which, whatever the vices of the ruler, cannot be changed by the public will; but, in another sense, that government is not stable which depends on the life of a single man, or even on the continuance of a dynasty. And when the break comes, it is not a change of ministry, but a civil war; and a civil war not between principles, but between pretenders—of all wars, at once the bloodiest and most vile. A civil war between principles, though sad, is not unredeemed. Falkland cursed his hour; but Falkland lived a life of heroic virtue, and died, early indeed, and by the sword, but yet by that

death which has no sting. He stands in history honored and beloved by all, and triumphant in the triumph of English liberty over the fierce extremes between which he fell. Could peace and length of days in Versailles or the Tuileries, or even in an English manor-house, have given him more?

The ghost of Bolingbroke's patriot king, which was raised some years ago by Young England, seems to have slipped back into its grave. The theory was revived, in fact, not so much from deliberate reflection, as from passing, though generous emotion; from indignation against the dark jealousy of that Venetian oligarchy which established the freedom of the press and carried the Reform Bill; and from contempt for the peddling tactics of Sir Robert Peel, who persisted in bringing in separate measures on different subjects, instead of solving the condition-of-England question in the gross. Much was to be hoped from calling the working classes peasants, and talking sentimental Chartism to duchesses after lunching on vension pasty and Malvoisie. The sentimental Chartism of Young England has been transmuted by Fortune's wand into Buckinghamshire squirearchy and advocacy of the Corn Laws; its hatred of Venetian oligarchy, into alliance with a Bentinck. Meantime, M. Guizot reveals to us the heart of Sir Robert Peel, almost wrung with anxiety for the condition of working men. And no wonder. He, too, was a working man, and not a political novelist or a political sonneteer.

Despotism has friends of another kind—friends some of whom are too good for it—in the hero-worshippers. It seems as if philosophy was doomed to advance like a drunken man, reeling from one side of the road to the other. Because Rousseau was too soft, we must be brutal. Because Jeremy Bentham overlooked the principle of loyalty in politics we must worship tyrants. Literary and philosophic exquisites are becoming perfect Attilas out of the very wantonness of refinement and civilization. Tyranny, slavery, butcherly penal laws, are now the grim delight of sentimentalists, who seem to have indulged in a softer philosophy till they crave for a little of the stimulating sensation of cruelty, violence, and fraud. Persecution—even the persecution of the rack and the stake—is flirted with by men who have themselves tried the principle of



toleration pretty hard. History is being rummaged for ferocious despots, as the earth was rummaged for deformities after the success of the Aztecs: and the crimes of these monsters are held up to our devout and unreasoning worship with the same sort of hierophantic unction with which an Oratorian neophyte holds up to your adoration the holy falsehood and injustice of his Church.

That might be right, is a doctrine which men drunk with eloquence and humor may fancy they believe, but to which every sober conscience inexorably gives the lie: and conscience will win in the long run, lay on the rhetoric as you will. Applied to character, this doctrine compels you to reduce all gifts and virtues—those of the sage, those of the poet, those of the apostle—to various types of force, that they may be brought into the Pantheon of violence and fraud; and thus gives the narrowest view, perhaps, that ever philosophy gave of man. Applied to religion and philosophy, it obliges you to make truth variable because heroes disagree. Applied to history, it has the merit of being a simple and easy rule of judgment. The virtue and wisdom which are the daily salt of the world, are visible for the most part to the eye of God alone; successful force is visible to a fool. And yet that which the fool worships as success is not always success in the long run. The storm passes, the calm remains; and the constitutional liberty of England, so much derided, has proved victorious for centuries, though it was vanquished for an hour.

Besides, if hero-worship is our salvation, worship a hero. Columbus did not spend his life in preaching the discovery of the New World; he discovered it. The truth is, you can find no hero to worship. Seen closely, men are not gods, nor even demigods, but men. Seen closely, the amplest mind, the noblest life, is but a fragment to be pieced out by the minds and lives of others. The gifts you feign to be united in one, are spread over many by that Providence which binds men together by charity born of mutual need, and makes all partakers in the great fraternal work. You say Johnson and Hume would have made a hero between them. The hero-worshipper in their day, then, was like a sun worshipper with a split sun. But there is one sure way to find a

hero—the only one revealed in the hero-worshipper's koran—and that way is, a civil war. If we wish for redemption from this our vile estate of law and liberty, let us have a civil war, and the conqueror in that war, if he does not behave like Washington, is our hero.

Hero-worshippers and Comtists alike are grieved to the heart by the "anarchy" which they see all around them. If by anarchy they mean that no body is above the law, this seems rather a begging of the question. If by anarchy they mean liberty of conscience, it is to liberty of conscience that we are indebted, among other blessings, for their philosophy; and we still, despite all assurances, cleave to the hope that even this is not the last apocalypse of truth. If they mean that the First Lord of the Treasury does not sufficiently interfere with our domestic arrangements, the rate of our wages, the cut of our clothes, and the employment of our time, let them sit awhile at the feet of certain philosophers who have shown sympathy with that deeper mind of England which prefers to grow like the forest tree rather than like the clipped box, beautiful as the box may be when clipped by a paternal hand. They can see no true leading or guidance anywhere among men, because a duke is no longer a dux, and because nobody interferes with your private habits and opinions. But there is leading and guidance, however different from that which they would give us, not only nor chiefly in parliaments or ministeries, but in every centre of thought, action and affection—in every book, in every court of justice, in every social circle, in every home. And there is order through the whole concordant frame of society, as order is in the eye of the Creator, and laws in which knowledge adores the Creator's wisdom, but against which ignorance pandering to ignorance sentimentally rebels. But all this is weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, because the political government of the country will not desert the duties which God has assigned it, and assuming duties which God has not assigned to it, crush the free life of the spirit which it is set to guard. The world owes to hero-worship some great lessons and some noble writing, but hero-worship is in a fair way to wipe out the debt.

The philosophic imperialists, indeed, and, we apprehend, imperialists in general, think very little of the free life of the spirit.

With them organization is everything and life nothing. For some of them, indeed, M. Comte has done away with religion and morals, in the ordinary sense, altogether, and left nothing but the science of social man—a subject eminently complex, but whose complexity observation on the positive method may at last unravel, and thus complete the circle of our physical knowledge with the chemistry and anatomy of duty and affection. The great Stagyrite, born when the moral life of Greece had almost fled, was a precursor of this school; he, too, was, in ethics, a physiologist of the soul; and in politics, a constructor and conservator of systems, without the animating principle of political duty. To these theorists, conviction is a social force, to be regulated by their science with a view to the harmony and stability of the social system—not the need, the right, and the life of each individual man. A state of things in which an imperial beast or fiend made you worship him instead of God, is to them not revolting, though now it may be obsolete. Even the persecution of the early Christians for interfering with the world-wide harmony of sensualism, does not shock their reason, though it may be alien to the kindness of their hearts. They look with rapture on the vast tyrannic unity of the Roman Empire, and take no heed of the trifling consideration, that under the vast tyrannic unity the soul of man might be as the soul of a sheep. Here it is in great measure that they and Tacitus so much misunderstand each other. The republican Stoic was not content to see humanity rot in peace.

The Jesuit will always love despotism. For him despotism quenched half the Reformation, holds half Europe in darkness, and robs the other half of the aid of mutual light. Jesuitism and despotism have need of each other, and each knows it well. Free thought shakes alike false shrines and arbitrary thrones. It was sound advice that was given to the Epicurean despot of Rome, to encourage the priest and augurs, and punish novelties in religion, for the same tended to sedition: and it was sound policy in a Nero and a Diocletian to persecute the truth that makes us free. It was deep wisdom in Napoleon I. to restore, as the stay of his "dynasty," that degrading falsehood which the noblest blood of France had been shed to put away; and it is deep wisdom in the priests

of that falsehood to glorify the memory of a savior and protector who was a Mahometan to the Mahometans, a German freethinker to German freethinkers, and in his heart perhaps the purest practical atheist that has ever played a part in history. While liberty was strong, the French priesthood blessed the tree of liberty with their lips, but it was with curses in their hearts: their adoration of the Messiah of Order is blasphemous but sincere.

The voluptuary, too, will love a form of government which promotes dissipation in order to drug thought, and which not only brings a calm "feelingly sweet" after the storms of moral and intellectual life, but graces that calm with imperial architecture and imperial shows. What does it signify to a gourmand and a *mélomane* that the government does not allow Luthers? What harm will it do to him if the next generation is deprived of truth and public morality, and perhaps even of the thirty pieces of silver for which truth and public morality are sold? An atheist in heart, if not in profession, what does he, the human animal of to-day, care for the fate of the human animals of to-morrow? The bright scene may change. The Savior of Society may become a Nero; the "true nobility" of the nation may become prætorians; the Jesuit may become an inquisitor, though now, occupied in struggling with more deadly forms of spiritual evil, he smiles on the voluptuary's unobtrusive creed. But by that time Apicius will have rendered back his grossness to the dust. Only men who believe in God and Spirit can live in the future of their kind.

The stockjobber, again, adores a power which, for the moment at least, protects his shares; which does not offend his morality or his public spirit; and which dazzles whatever is left in him of imagination with the splendid image of success. The stockjobber, we say, not the merchant. Liberty is the only foster-mother of commerce; and commerce wafts liberty with all her sails.

For the poor, and the advocates of the poor, if they desire a despotism, surely signs have been given in history as glaring as a sign in heaven. There is the long cry of misery which strikes on the historian's ear from Diocletian to the fall of Constantinople. There is the population of Spain, famished and decimated, as well as degraded, by

Charles V. and his successors. There are the *taille* and *corvée*, the grass-eating serfs and the dragonnades of Bourbon France. There are the bloody vagrancy laws of the Tudors. As to "game preserving," it was under a very civilized despotism and in face of a strong clergy, that the Prince de Charolais used to divert himself with shooting, not pheasants, but workmen on the roofs of houses, whose death-throes, as they fell, beguiled the sameness of a princely life. His pardon was easily obtained. The most Christian king, who had made incest the fashion, could not be hard on murder. Had the Prince de Charolais, however, been an ordinary person of quality, and not of the blood royal, he would probably have been exiled to his country seat. Had he been a peasant suspected of worshipping God in a way not patronized by Louis XV. and the Prince de Charolais, he would have been sent to die by slow torture in the galleys; and if he had resisted, he would have been broken on the wheel. Sociology (if that is to be its classical name) must be a science of experience: and what experience shows that the rich and noble will act more conscientiously towards their dependents when they have made over their consciences to a czar; or that a czar amidst his courtiers will think more of those who are farthest from, than of those who are nearest to, his throne? The French freeholds, be they good things or bad, were the gift of a republic, and not of an emperor. We know that some despots have learned the trick of appealing to the passions of the masses against intellect, at the same time that they appeal to wealth against the passions of the masses. But what has been done for the masses, except giving them back, in ostentatious largesses, a little of the money which is ultimately drawn from them in unobtrusive taxation, and sweeping off a good many of them to Cayenne? The population of France, it seems, has hitherto diminished under the "tranquility" of the Empire; though diplomatic journalism rationally hopes for a cessation of this sad effect from the continuance of its beneficent cause. On the other hand, whatever may be the shortcomings of English society, we may say without boasting, and we hold it mere reckless cynicism to deny, that great and real efforts are being made by the upper classes to improve the

condition and the education of the poor; and the source of these efforts is the sense of individual responsibility, with a sincere religion and a free press. Individual responsibility is what a despotism is desired to supersede: a sincere religion is what a despotism never yet had: a free press is what a despotism never has endured and never can endure.

The disappointment of wild political hopes, again, has driven some projectors to political suicide, and they offer to society the halter of their own despair. Society may thank them for their offer, and recommend them the gentle tonic of political duty. If writers on politics would speak not only of political systems, but of the self-command, the charity, the patriotism, the various and perpetual moral effort by which all conceivable systems must be sustained, there would be less hope and less despair in politics; since, if Abbé Sieyès is not conscious of the limits of his intellect, we are all more or less conscious of the infirmity of our will. If the Abbé, by a happy thought in his armchair, could have superseded political virtue, he would have done a great thing for humanity, and he would have done a greater thing if he could have superseded moral virtue by the same means. But it seems doubtful whether virtue of any kind is intended to be superseded here. If it is not, our hearts must not be desolate because the alembic of the political regenerator has produced a worthless mixture instead of gold; we must rest contented with the reformer's instead of the alchemist's, reward. Let those who have tried to jump into the thirtieth century recoil to the despotism of the first; and because their bubble has burst, abdicate at the feet of a despot the dignity and the hopes of man.

As to the courtier by nature and calling, he is only to be congratulated on having discovered a philosophic theory of venality and sycophancy; and on being enabled to lick the feet, not of a king, but of a "crowned democracy," and an existence necessary to God.

A gentler and more amiable friend to despotism is the minor poet. Minor poets, like Celts, care much for persons and little for principles: it is in them a romantic weakness, but it would be weakness without romance in us to let their weakness guide the world. Great poets are also great men.

Like other great men, they love principles; and though they are full of loyalty, it is only for that which is divine. They spring, like other intellectual and moral greatness, from freedom; and even when they have suffered from its infirmities and its excesses, they have been conscious of the element from which they spring. Despots patronise poetry. They desire that it should decorate their reign, and help to preserve the intellect of the nation from dangerous speculation. They foster it with judicious munificence, and even encourage the trembling Muse to soar to the most exalted of all themes. A Boileau, and even a Virgil (though Virgil with great diffidence) answers to the august call; but not an Æschylus or a Milton.

Despotism had its day in the history of the world. It was necessary to bind together into nations, by force and blind loyalty, the first hordes of men. It was necessary, perhaps, to rid Europe of feudalism, though

heavily did the nations pay in civil tyranny, and, what is worse, in spiritual tyranny for unity of government and law. Its recurrence is the natural and just penalty of nations among whom the power of self-control and self-government has been wrecked by demoralization and indulgence in political chimeras, and the passions of the animal have gotten the victory over the reason of the man. But in an England, such as England, with all her faults, still is, it would be an anachronism, a monster, and a crime. And so every sensible, virtuous, and religious Englishman instinctively feels, if he does not theoretically know. He feels, if he does not know, that in casting off political duty, and renouncing his heritage of freedom, he would be casting off and renouncing, not his own personal pride and independence, but that which to every nation which has become worthy to enjoy it, is the law as well as the gift of God. G. S.

CARDINAL WISEMAN AND "NICE."—The cardinal, in a very ingenious lecture, delivered by him at the Marylebone Institution, remarks on the vague and indiscriminate use of the word "Nice," and the necessary result, "vague and indiscriminate thoughts." But the cardinal is himself in great error in insisting that the word in the English language properly designates "accuracy, precision, discrimination," and seeks to confirm his assertion by a reference to *any* old dictionary. Such old dictionaries as Ainsworth and Johnson are in his favor; but our older dictionaries (which the cardinal cannot have consulted) all agree that "nice" primarily means "soft," whence, continues Mr. Smart, who with his usual good sense adopts their interpretation, "delicate, tender, dainty," &c.

It is agreed by our etymologists that "nesh and nice," are the same word differently written. "Nesh," I have in my younger days frequently heard used in the Midland counties—as Junius explains it—*tener frigoris*. In Richardson's *Supplement* are two (to modern ears) rather curious usages of this word from Wielif: "God hath maad *neische* myn hert (mollivit)," "A *nessh* answer (mollis) breketh wrathe." The explanation and etymology (from Skinner) correspond.

Yet something may be said in favor of *nice*, as used in some of the cardinal's instances. Things that are *nice* are also pleasing, agreea-

ble; a *nice* day, a *nice* man, or a *pleasant* day, a *pleasant* man. We have many very loose expressions, as a *good* dinner, a *good* whipping which latter good thing was about the other day not very nicely, to be bestowed on the wrong member of the family.

The cardinal makes some strong and just remarks on the force of our word "murther," and of the more powerful import of *child-murder* than *infanticide*, and of *self-murder* than *suicide*; and he might have taxed his ingenuity to account for the absence from the language of our ancestors of such words as would correspond to the Latinisms, *parricide*, *matricide*, *fratricide*; complex terms, which, as Locke would strangely contend, gave to the Romans so many more complex ideas than the circumlocutions—killing of a father, killing of a mother, &c., could denote.—*Notes and Queries*.

PRETENDER TICKET.—I have a ticket on paper printed with blue ink, from an engraved plate, in the form of a full-blown rose; it contains the names of forty sufferers in the cause of the exiled family of the Stuarts. The tradition is that this was a ticket of admission to the private meetings of the partizans of the *Stuarts*, after the defeat at Culloden. The ticket may, or may not, be rare, but I should be glad to know which it is, and what may be its value.—*Notes and Queries*.

From Chambers' Journal.

### THE WIFE OF THE PALATINATE.

MANY will remember a very affecting instance of conjugal devotion which was detailed in the newspapers of 1855. The heroine was the wife of a poor man, who, having been dismissed from the Newcastle Infirmary in cureless agony from chronic rheumatism, longed eagerly to get back to his native village. The only means of conveyance, however, he could afford—the common carrier's cart—was not to be thought of: it would have tortured him to death; and the devoted wife took her husband on her back, and carried him, over rugged country roads, full fifty miles.

This goes quite beyond the spasmodic strainings of romance; yet it is far outstripped by another instance of the heroism of conjugal love, equally well authenticated, although it occurred two centuries ago.

In the year 1621, at the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, the rich province of the Rhinepfaltz, or Palatinate, was overrun by Spanish troops, who with lawless license plundered and destroyed wherever they came. The princely abbacy of Hirt, about two miles from Germersheim, on the Rhine, was one of the most desirable spots in the whole province, and its wide-spreading domain afforded occupation to a numerous staff of stewards, bailiffs, herds, ploughmen, and foresters. Twice a year the Pfaltzgraf, or Count Palatine, held court at Hirt, whither he repaired with his princess—Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England—to enjoy deer-stalking in summer, and to hunt wild boars in winter. On St. Peter's day each year, his head-stewart or baliff, a gentleman named Christopher Theim, rendered to the pfaltzgraf a statement of his accounts, which shewed a yearly return of many thousand rix-dollars. Herr Theim was married to an amiable lady, named Catharina Herpin, and was a man of considerable wealth and property, possessing several estates at Neustadt, Wachenheim, Rockenhausen, and Hachdorff, besides houses and money. All the estates belonging to Herr Theim had embraced the Protestant faith, and consequently they, as well as the secularized abbacy of Hirt, did not fail to attract the rapacious eyes of the Spaniards, who ruthlessly claimed and seized whatever seemed desirable. They broke open cabinets

and coffers, feasted on luxurious dainties and rich wines, and, within a very few days, had rifled the whole place. To these outrages the steward opposed what resistance he could, endeavoring, as in duty bound, to protect to the utmost of his power the property under his care. This interference being regarded by the lawless soldiery as a presumptuous infringement of their rights, they seized the bailiff, and forced him to swallow a liquid from a silver cup, which immediately paralyzed his whole body. His muscular and robust frame became powerless; his sinews contracted so that he could not move a limb; he could not even stand without assistance, and his digestive organs became impaired.

Catharina Herpin, his wife, viewed his helpless state with dismay; but, apprehensive that something worse might befall, she determined to fly from the scene of danger. Secrecy was necessary to insure safety; the use of a carriage could not be obtained; and to add to her difficulty, she had two young daughters whom it was expedient to take with her. In these trying circumstances, Catharina resolved to depend solely on herself. She fastened her husband's powerless arms round her neck, and, with a little girl at each side, she hastened onwards towards the Rhine. A sympathizing fisherman ferried her across the river, and on the opposite bank she entered the recesses of a forest, where she remained three days. At the end of that period, hunger compelled her to proceed, and with increased burdens and diminished strength, she slowly advanced by stages along the road. First carrying her helpless husband, in the same manner as before, some distance in advance, she set him down in an easy posture on a grassy bank by the wayside, and returned to bring her children. With one of these in her arms, and dragging the other wearily by her side, she traversed the same ground for the third time, till she reached the spot where she had left her husband; then changing her load, she advanced in the same painful manner another stage, and so continued till in a few days she arrived with her triple charge at the town of Rheinzabern, to the astonishment of the admiring populace. The sufferings and privations of the journey proved too much for the young girls: their piteous cries for food while on



the road had been incessant, and had pierced their mother's heart with anguish; but a sharper thrust was in reserve for this courageous woman. Though received with kindness by the inhabitants, and provided with shelter and food, the children survived only two days, and then died in the arms of their mother. Public admiration having been excited, an allowance was granted to the family, which proved a valuable assistance; but the paralysis of Herr Theim's whole frame continued unalleviated. Every effort made to subdue it proved fruitless; and the only method by which nourishment could be administered to him, was to introduce it into his stomach through a quill.

The only effect that increasing trouble had on Catharina was to elevate her courage and intensify her devotion to her husband. Though unaccustomed to bear the gaze of curiosity or the drudgery of burden, she overcame her natural repugnance to these, and determined to pursue her journey to Strasbourg, in the hope of enjoying better medical advice. She accordingly set out, with her helpless husband fastened on her back, and made her way—a distance of ten German, or forty-five English miles—to Strasbourg. On her arrival in that city, her case met with the same kind consideration and help as formerly; and her husband enjoyed the gratuitous advice of an eminent physician, who enjoyed a salary from the town. This doctor, after careful examination, pronounced the recovery of the invalid to be hopeless, unless he could be conveyed to the Swiss baths at Baden on the Aar. Nothing daunted by the length and difficulty of the route, this indefatigable woman at once determined to undertake the journey, and having again saddled herself, with her precious burden, she started on her wearisome pilgrimage. At each town through which she passed, she seems to have sought out some medical man, from whose advice she hoped to gain some useful or consolatory hint; and even in the face of bitter discouragement from some of these, she persevered. At Neuburg, thirty miles from Strasbourg, she consulted Dr. John Melscher; and at Ensighem, eighteen miles further on, she consulted the town doctor, both of whom affirmed that her husband's life would not last a week; but her hope was proof against despair; and with in-

domitable perseverance, she pressed on her way.

The old chronicle from which these particulars are drawn, enters minutely into the details of her progress. At Russach, ten miles further than Ensighem, the household physician of the archbishop of Strasbourg again held out hopes of ultimate recovery, and confirmed the advice on which she had resolved to act, by pointing to the Swiss baths as the most likely means of improvement. At Gebweiler, ten miles further along the Rhine, an old physician was consulted, who also spoke favorably of the baths, but gave it as his opinion that, if they failed to effect a cure, sudden and speedy death would probably result. The next stage of Catharina's progress was across the river forty miles, to Freiburg, where she consulted the famous Dr. Fedderer, and placed her husband under his treatment for eight weeks; but without any perceptible improvement. For eighteen weeks now, Herr Theim had been unable to receive any nourishment, except a little wine or soup introduced into his stomach through a quill, and nothing had been found which could afford him any relief. Before leaving Freiburg, however, a slight improvement was effected by means of a desperate kill-or-cure remedy, suggested by a brother-in-law of Dr. Fedderer. But it was too slight to alter Catharina's resolution to carry her husband to the Swiss baths. Still forty miles further on, at Rheinfelden, she consulted two eminent practitioners, and was gratified to find, even on the borders of Switzerland, that the baths of that country were thought likely to be beneficial. With elated hopes she persevered, and soon bore her beloved burden into Baden. Here she immediately began to apply the remedy she had come so far to seek; and for eleven weeks she carried her husband daily from their lodging down to the baths, and back again. The spectacle of a woman thus devotedly nursing her husband, and the report that she had in this manner carried him from the Palatinate, surrounded her with a halo of interest in the eyes of the inhabitants, many of whom paid her visits; and a few of the richer or more generous sent her presents, which she faithfully applied to help her husband's recovery. By slow degrees, he began to amend. In the

course of a few weeks, he was so far improved that he could be fed with pap and other spoon-nourishment—the necessary diet being kindly supplied by the Princess of Furstenburg and another sympathizing lady, both of whom frequented the baths at the time. The next step in his improvement was the acquisition of sufficient strength to stand without support; but every attempt to walk without assistance, even with the aid of crutches, proved futile, as the want of muscular power in his hands prevented him closing them so as to hold any thing. His body, however, continued to appear little more than a skeleton; and when in the bath, he floated on the water, as the old chronicler relates, like a piece of cork.

The expenses of their long journey, medical fees, medicines, and their living at the baths, soon exhausted what little money Catharina had scraped together from the bounty of friends or saved from the plunder of their property, and she was at length compelled to leave Baden. Allured by the fame of a Jewish doctor at Stanz, a town seventy miles distant, she bent her steps thither. On reaching the town, this physician, having his attention drawn to her, became interested in her case, and promised her relief for her husband. The prescription he gave her, and the manner in which it was acted upon, afford a striking illustration of the progress of the medical art in the seventeenth century, and the superstition which attached to it among the people. The doctor directed her to take a calf, and, having cut its throat, to preserve the *middle blood*. This, mixed with vinegar and salt to a consistency, she was to use as a liniment, and rub her husband's limbs with it daily for four weeks. He also gave her a small bag, containing a slip of paper inscribed with Hebrew characters, which the patient was to wear for a time round his neck. The good woman, fearing that the use of the first of these remedies might prove hurtful in some way to her faith as a Christian, resolved not to try it; but she carefully suspended the amulet from her husband's neck and kept it there. Though, as the old record says, "she in her simplicity rejected the most natural remedy to take the improbable one," yet, probably, from the influence of former means, her husband in

fourteen days had made some progress in his recovery.

From Stanz, Catharina continued her journey onwards to Ruppertschwyl. In order to reach this town, she had to climb two high mountains, named respectively the Sattel and Etzel mountains; and while passing the latter of these, an accident of an extremely dangerous character befell her. It was a long day's journey; and in order to reach Ruppertschwyl before nightfall, she started with her burden at five o'clock in the morning, and travelled almost the whole day without rest or refreshment. As she was descending the opposite side, she was seized with a fainting-fit at one of the steepest parts of the road, and falling, she rolled a considerable distance down the slope, with her husband sometimes uppermost and sometimes below her. She contrived at length to steady herself by grasping some bushes; and in this position she remained, till a good Samaritan, who was passing, came to her assistance, after having invoked the Holy Mother and Saint Anna. He first relieved Catharina from the danger of choking, by cutting the bands that fastened her husband's arms round her neck, and he then removed the patient to a more secure spot at a little distance, where he laid him in an easy posture to wait till his wife should be able to resume the journey. After a brief rest, she again took up her burden, and late at night arrived at the long narrow bridge, which all tourists must know who have visited the charming scenery of the neighborhood; and reeling as she was from fatigue and exhaustion, she passed along its whole length—full two miles—without accident, though undefended by parapet or rail.

From Ruppertschwyl, the journey was continued through Herisau, the capital of Appenzell, to Constance, where medical advice and a curiously compounded bath effected no further improvement in Herr Theim's beath. From Constance, the banded pair bent their steps towards Bavaria, through Ravensburg and Meningen—a route which, even at the present day, with all the appliances of modern travel, is wild and dreary enough. The object of their visit to Bavaria seems to have been to claim payment of a bond for 700 gulden (about L.

60), which a former duke of that country had granted in happier days to Theim's father. They found the representative of the debtor—Duke Maximilian, of Pfaltz Neuburg—at his residence Neuburg, on the Danube; and on presenting their demand, they were coolly told that the Duke had not at that time sufficient money at his command, as he was engaged in building a convent for a company of Jesuits; but when that was finished, if he had enough left, he would then liquidate the bond. It is to be hoped for the credit of humanity, that the princely debtor, when he gave this reply, knew nothing of the devotion of the woman whom he spurned; but the contrary seems probable, for the inhabitants of the ducal manor, on hearing that the pilgrim pair were sufferers for their Protestant faith, refused them even the common rites of hospitality.

At Augsburg, a Protestant town, sixty miles from Neuburg, a medical man of great celebrity again advised the baths at Baden, from which the first decided benefit had been derived, as likely to facilitate complete recovery; and, accordingly, the indefatigable Catharina turned to retrace her long painful journey through Suabia and Switzerland. On her way, after traversing about 140 miles, she consulted the headsman or executioner of St. Gall—a functionary both trusted and dreaded for his sympathetic cures—probably in the expectation of receiving some amulet or charm. He, however, prescribed bleeding; but as she regarded this as too severe a process in her husband's weak state, she declined to permit it. After a rest of three weeks, she pursued her toilsome way, over similar mountains to those which had formerly cost her so much trouble, to Zurich. At Schaffhausen, about thirty miles further, where there was a Protestant community, every house was gladly opened to receive and shelter a martyr to the faith. Cheered, and perhaps materially assisted, they pursued their way to Berne, and thence to the healing springs of Baden. Here at length, after a renewed course of bathing, the long-tried Theim found relief

from his sufferings, and his affectionate wife enjoyed the reward of her toil in seeing her husband so far recovered that, with the support of a staff, he could walk alone.

Having recovered so far, he seems to have been unwilling to remain longer a burden on the charity of his Protestant friends, and therefore determined to seek out the pfaltzgraf, his master, in whose service he had suffered so much. The prince was living at this time at the Hague, in a state of dependence on the States-general of Holland; and accordingly the route of the affectionate couple lay through the entire breadth of Germany along the Rhine to Cologne, the whole of which distance they travelled on foot. From Cologne, they took a boat to Utrecht, whence the distance to the Hague was short. The result of their application to the pfaltzgraf is not stated; probably his allowance was barely enough for his own wants. At all events, we find our unfortunate pair shortly afterwards again travelling southwards. They had got as far as the fortress of Wesel, when, from some defect in their passports, they were turned back, and retired to Amsterdam. Here, under the best medical treatment, a complete cure was effected; and here, accordingly, the chronicler concludes his narrative. Some idea may be formed of the devotion and endurance of this courageous woman when it is stated, that she carried her husband on her back 172 German, or about 800 English miles, over hill and dale, across rivers, and through manifold dangers, and that their pilgrimages occupied a term of about three years, animated by the one hope that his health might be restored. We do not know whether there is another instance of self-sacrifice and patient, untiring devotion on record that can compare with this; and we may add, that the history of their wanderings is said to be vouched by trustworthy evidence, and that the fact of their residence in Amsterdam in 1624 is clearly ascertained. At the peace of 1648, the pfaltzgraf was reinstated in his dominions, but we know not whether his faithful steward, with his tried spouse, ever returned to receive again his post and his property.

## MORNING.

[From an old English Magazine, where it appeared anonymously.]

WHEN daylight breaks, and sheds his rays abroad,

Turn from the splendor of his sunny glow;  
Let thy soul leave the earth and soar to God,  
As the sweet flower turns to the sun below,  
And drinks the blessed rays from which his brightness flow.

O! let not nature's praises soar on high,  
Ere thy lips open with its morning prayer:  
Let not the lark's shrill music fill the sky,  
Ere thy heart lifts its aspirations there;  
But let the dawn of morn thy orisons declare.

Morn is the time to see thy prayers begun;  
For morning hymned the young creation's birth;

And the grave opened with the morning sun,  
When man's redemption was complete on earth;  
And morn shall see our God in judgment coming forth.

Serve God at morn, that solemn, hallowed hour,  
When nature wakes as from the sleep of death,

When the glad song from mountain, grove, and bower,

Is heard through heaven, and on the earth beneath,

Serve God, let him receive thy morning's early breath.

Happy the day whose first beam bears thy song  
On his bright wing up to the gate of heaven,  
Where thy faint praises mingle with that throng,

Who rest not from their hallelujahs morn or even,

To whom the glorious palm of victory is given.

Happy the day, whose hours' are thus begun;

A day from storms, and every tempest, free,

Though clouds may rise, the splendor of the sun

Will make the darkness and the shadows flee,

As mist from mountain tops when they the morning see.

Happy the day,—there's promise in its close;

A brighter promise than the morning gave;

For when its sunset o'er creation throws

A lustre, and then sparkles on the wave,

Its parting beam shall rest all glorious on thy grave.

—Transcript.

## TO A GINNY-FOUL,

*That comes and squawks under his winder periodically and makes him mad exceedingly.*

You missible, speckled critter, you!

What'n thunder 're squawking about?

Does any thing hurt you bad? Or do you squawk

That way in Ginny, where you come from.

And so squawks now from educational pre-  
udice?

What'n mischief do you pull your homely head  
Out'n from under your wing and squawk for?  
What's under your wing to make you squawk,  
You speckled swine of a bird?

Somethink offensive, I reckon, elsewise  
You'd keep it there, for it looks better hid.

What do you get on the fence and squawk for?  
Do you see anythink alarmink, you white-gilled,  
Speckled-feathered, squawking fool!

How do you s'pose a feller can read or rite,  
Or sleep, or live, you discordant, old, busted,  
Brass, French horn, with all keys open  
And the mouth-piece cracked!

I wish I could pizen you, you everlastin', per-  
petual squawking machine!

What're you thinking about?—home?—  
You rascally epitome of a Ginny war-gong,

A Congo tum-tum and conch shell,  
And a down-east village brass band!

Dry up! you speckled parody of a machine  
shop!

Do you think that's music, you outrageous  
vocal atrocity!

You boiler maker's exacerbated echo!

You squawking abstract of Pandemonium,  
Do you think a feller can afford to furnish boot-

jacks  
And so forth to chunk you with daily, dog you!

May-be you think its funny, you speckled pagan  
of African extraction!

Is your squawking sass? or are you 'feard of  
me, say!

You brazen-throated, sheet-iron-lunged culmi-  
nation

Of foul creation? Here's my blackin' brush at  
you!

K. N. PEPPER.

—Traveller.

## THE NEWEST WHIG GUIDE.

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day," &c.

—TOM MOORE.

"Believe me, when all those ridiculous airs,  
Which you practise so pretty to-day," &c.

—LORD PALMERSTON.

BELIEVE me, when all that mere vapor of fame,

Which makes you notorious to-day,

Shall have vanished, 'twill leave you exactly the  
same—

The political Vicar of Bray.

You will still be a rat as a rat you have been,

Though Premier of England no more;

And the jokes that delighted the world in '15

Are in '57 only a bore.

It is not while Downing-street still is your own,

And the vessel of England you steer,

That your true popularity well can be known—

Who loves Pam—and who loves the Premier.

O! the fool who is truly so never forgets,

But still fools it on to the close;

And the nonchalant Viscount will be, when he  
sets,

Just the witting he was when he rose!

—Press

## CHAPTER XVII.—OMAR PASHA.

It is high noon, and not a sound, save the occasional snort of an impatient steed, is to be heard throughout the lines. Picketed in rows, the gallant little chargers of the Turkish cavalry are dozing away the hours between morning and evening feed. The troopers themselves are smoking and sleeping in their tents; here and there may be seen a devout Mussulman prostrate on his prayer-carpet, his face turned towards Mecca, and his thoughts wholly abstracted from all worldly considerations. Ill fed and worse paid, they are nevertheless a brawny, powerful race, their broad rounded shoulders, bullnecks, and bowed legs denoting strength rather than activity; whilst their high features and marked swarthy countenances betray at once their origin, sprung from generations of warriors who once threatened to overwhelm the whole Western world in a tide that has now been long since at the ebb. Patient are they of hardship, and devoted to the Sultan and their duty, made for soldiers and nothing else, with their fierce, dogged resolution, and their childish obedience and simplicity. Hand in hand, two of them are strolling leisurely through the lines to release a restive little horse who has got inexplicably entangled in his own and his neighbor's picket-ropes, and is fighting his way out of his difficulty with teeth and hoofs. They do not hurry themselves, but converse peacefully as they pace along.

"Is it true, Mustapha, that *Giaours* are still coming to join our Bey? The Padisha\* is indeed gracious to these sons of perdition."

"It is true, Jhanum;† may Allah confound them!" replies Mustapha, spitting in parenthesis between his teeth: "but they have brave hearts, these *Giaours*, and cunning heads, moreover, for their own devices. What good Moslem would have thought of sending his commands by wire, faster than they could be borne by the horses of the Prophet?"

"Magic!" argues the other trooper; "black, unholy magic! There is but one Allah!"

"What filth are you eating?" answers Mustapha, who is of a practical turn of

mind. "Have not I myself seen the wire and the post, and do I not know that the Padisha sends his commands to the Ferik-Pasha by the letters he writes with his own hand?"

"But you have never seen the letter," urges his comrade, "though you have ridden a hundred times under the lines."

"O, mule-head and son of a jackass!" retorts Mustapha, "do you not know that the letter flies so fast along the wire, that the eye of man cannot perceive it? They are dogs and accursed, these *Giaours*; but, by my head, they are very foxes in wit."

"I will defile their graves," observes his comrade and forthwith they proceed to release the entangled charger, who has by this time nearly eaten his ill-starred neighbor; and I overhear this philosophical disquisition, as I proceed for orders to the Green Tent of Iskender Bey, commandment of the small force of cavalry attached to Omar Pasha's army in Bulgaria.

As I enter the tent I perceive two men seated in grave discussion, whilst a third stands upright in a respectful attitude. A *chaoosh*, or serjeant, is walking a magnificently-caparisoned bay Arab up and down just beyond the tent-pegs; while an escort of lancers, with two or three more led-horses and a brace of English pointers, are standing a few paces off. The upright figure, though dressed in a Turkish uniform, with a red fez or skull-cap, I have no difficulty in recognizing as Victor de Rohan. He grasps my hand as I pass, and whispers a few words in French while I salute Iskender Bey and await his orders.

My chief is more than three parts drunk. He has already finished the best portion of a bottle of brandy, and is all for fighting, right or wrong, as, to do him justice, is his invariable inclination. To and fro he waves his half-grizzled head, and sawing the air with his right hand, mutilated of half its fingers by the blow of a Russian sabre, he repeats in German—

"But the attack! Excellency; the attack! when will you let me loose with my cavalry? The attack! Excellency; the attack!"

The person he addresses looks at him with a half-amused, half-provoked air, and then glancing at Victor breaks into a covert smile, which he conceals by bending over a map that is stretched before him. I have ample

\* The Sultan.

† O my soul! a colloquial term equivalent to the French "Mon cher."



time to study his appearance, and to wonder why I should have a sort of vague impression that I have seen that countenance before.

He is a spare, sinewy man, above the middle height, with his figure developed and toughened by constant exercise. An excellent horseman, a practised shot, an adept at all field-sports, he looks as if no labor would tire him, no hardships affect his vigor or his health. His small head is set on his shoulders in the peculiar manner that always denotes physical strength; and his well-cut features would be handsome, were it not for a severe and somewhat caustic expression which mars the beauty of his countenance. His deep-set eye is very bright and keen; its glance seems accustomed to command, and also to detect falsehood under a threefold mask. He has not dealt half a life-time with Asiatics to fail in acquiring that useful knack. He wears his beard and moustache short and close; they are

Grizzled here and there,  
But more with toil than age,

and add to his soldierlike exterior. His dress is simple enough; it consists of a close-fitting, dark-green frock, adorned only with the order of the Medjidjé, high-riding boots, and a crimson fez. A carved Turkish sabre hangs from his belt, and a double-barralled gun of English workmanship is thrown across his knees. As he looks up from his map, his eye rests on me, and he asks Victor in German, "Who is that?"

"An Englishman who has joined your Excellency's force as an Interpreter," answers my friend, "and who is now attached to Iskender Bey. I believe the Bey can give a good account of his gallantry on more than one occasion."

"The Bey," thus appealed to, musters up a drunken smile, and observes, "A good swordsman, your excellency, and a man of many languages. Sober too," he adds, shaking his head, "sober as a Mussulman, the first quality in a soldier."

His Excellency smiles again at Victor, who presents me in due form, not forgetting to mention my name.

The great man almost starts. He fixes on me that glittering eye which seems to look through me. "Where did you acquire your knowledge of languages?" he asks. "My aide-de-camp informs me you speak Hungarian even better than, you do Turkish."

"I travelled much in Hungary as a boy, Excellency," was my reply. "Victor de Rohan is my earliest friend; I was a child scarcely out of the nursery when I first made his acquaintance at Edeldorf."

A gleam of satisfaction passed over his Excellency's face. "Strange, strange," he muttered, "how the wheel turns;" and then pulling out a small steel purse, but slenderly garnished, he selected from a few other coins an old silver piece, worn quite smooth and bent double. "Do you remember that?" said he placing it in my hand.

The gipsy-troop and the deserter flashed across me at once. I was so confused at my own stupidity in not having recognized him sooner, that I could only stammer out, "Pardon, your Excellency,—so long ago—a mere child."

He grasped my hand warmly. "Egerton," said he, "boy as you were, there was heart and honor in your deed. Subordinate as I then was, I swore never to forget it. I never have forgotten it. You have made a friend for life in Omar Pasha."

I could only bow my thanks, and the General added, "Come to me at head-quarters this afternoon. I will see what can be done for you."

"But, Excellency, I cannot spare him," interposed Iskender Bey. "I have here an English officer, the bravest of the brave, but so stupid I cannot understand a word he says. I had rather be without sword or lance than lose my Interpreter. And then, Excellency, the attack to-morrow—the attack!"

Omar Pasha rose to depart. "I will send him back this evening with despatches," said he, saluting his host in the Turkish fashion, touching first the heart, then the mouth, then the forehead—a courtesy which the old fire-eater returned with a ludicrous attempt at solemnity.

"De Rohan," he added, "stay here to carry out the orders I have given you. As soon as your friend can be spared from the Bey, bring him over with you, to remain at head-quarters. Salaam!" And the General was on his horse and away long before the Turkish guard could get under arms to pay him the proper compliments, leaving Iskender Bey to return to his brandy-bottle, and my old friend Victor to make himself comfortable in my tent, and smoke a quiet

chibouque with me whilst we related all that had passed since we met.

Victor was frank and merry as usual, spoke unreservedly of his *liaison* with Princess Vocqsal, and the reasons which had decided him on seeing a campaign with the Turkish army against his natural enemies, the Russians.

"I like it, *mon cher*," said he puffing at his chibouque, and talking in the mixture of French and English which seemed his natural language, and in which he always affirmed *he thought*. "There is liberty, there is excitement, there is the chance of distinction; and above all, there are *no women*. It suits my temperament, *mon cher*: *voyez-vous, je suis philosophe*. I like to change my bivouac day by day, to attach myself to my horses, to have no tie but that which binds me to my sabre, no anxieties but for what I shall get to eat. The General does all the thinking—*parbleu!* he does it à merveille; and I—why, I laugh and I ride away. Fill my chibouque again, and hand me that flask; I think there is a drop left in it. Your health, Vere, *mon enfant*, and *vive la guerre!*"

"*Vive la guerre!*" I repeated; but the words stuck in my throat, for I had already seen something of the miseries brought by war into a peaceful country, and I could not look upon the struggle in which we were engaged with quite as much indifference as my volatile friend.

"And you, Vere," he resumed, after draining the flask, "I heard you were with us weeks ago; but I have been absent from my chief on a *reconnaissance*, so I never could get an opportunity of beating up your quarters. What on earth brought you out here, my quiet, studious friend?"

I could not have told him the truth to save my life. Any one but *him*, for I always fancied *she* looked on him with favoring eyes, so I gave two or three false reasons instead of the real one.

"Oh," I replied, "everything was so changed after my poor father's death, and Alton was so dull, and I had no profession, no object in life, so I thought I might see a little soldiering. When they found I could speak Turkish, or rather when I told them so, they gave me every facility at the War-office; so I got a pair of jack-boots and a revolver, and here I am."

"But Omar will make you something better

than an interpreter," urged Victor. "We must get you over to head-quarters, Vere. Men rise rapidly in these days; next campaign you might have a brigade, and the following one a division. This war will last for years; you are fit for something better than a Tergyman."\*

"I think so too," I replied; though, truth to tell, when I came out here I was quite satisfied with my present position, and only thirsted for the excitement of action. But this soldiering grows upon one, Victor, does it not? Yet I am loth to leave Iskender too; the old Lion stretched me his paw when I had no friends in Turkey, and I believe I am useful to him. At least I must stay with him now, for we shall be engaged before long, I can tell you that."

"*Tant mieux*," retorted Victor with flashing eyes; "old Brandy-face will ram his cavalry into it if he gets a chance. Don't let him ride too far forward himself, Vere, if you can help it, as he did when he cut his own way through that troop of hussars, and gave them another example of the stuff the Poles are made of. The Muscov nearly had him that time, though. It was then he lost the use of half his fingers, and got that crack over the head which has been an excuse for drunkenness ever since."

"Drunk or sober," I replied, "he is the best cavalry officer we have; but make yourself comfortable, Victor, as well as you can. I recommend you to sleep on my divan for an hour or two; something tells me we shall advance to-night. To-morrow, old friend, you and I may sleep on a harder bed."

"*Vive la guerre!*" replied Victor, gaily as before; but ere I had buckled on my sabre to leave the tent, the chibouque had fallen from his lips, and he was fast asleep.

My gray Arab, "Injour,"† was saddled and fastened to a lance; my faithful Bold, who had accompanied me through all my wanderings, and who had taken an extraordinary liking for his equine companion, was ready to be my escort; a revolver was in my holster-pipe, a hunch of black bread in my wallet, and with my sabre by my side, and a pretty accurate idea of my route, I experienced a feeling of light-heartedness and independence to which I had long been a stranger. Poor Bold enjoyed his master's

\* An Interpreter.

† The Pearl.

society all the more that, in deference to Moslem prejudices, I had now banished him from my tent and consigned him to the company of my horses. He gambolled about me, whilst my snorting horse, shaking his delicate head, struck playfully at him with his forefeet as the dog bounded in front of him. Bad horseman as I always was, yet in a deep, demi-pique, Turkish saddle, with broad shovel stirrups and a severe Turkish bit, I felt thoroughly master of the animal I bestrode, and I keenly enjoyed the sensation. "Injour" was indeed a pearl of his race. Beautiful as a star, wiry and graceful as a deer, he looked all over the priceless child of the desert, whose blood had come down to him from the very horses of the Prophet, unstained through a hundred generations. Mettle, courage, and endurance were apparent in the smooth, satin skin, the flat, sinewy legs, the full, muscular neck, broad forehead, shapely muzzle, wide, red nostril, quivering ears, and game wild eye. He could gallop on mile after mile, hour after hour, with a stride unvarying and apparently untiring as clockwork; nor though he had a heavy man on his back did his pulses seem to beat higher, or his breath come quicker, when he arrived at the head-quarters of the Turkish army, than when he had left my own tent an hour and a half earlier, the intervening time, much to poor Bold's distress, having been spent at a gallop. There was evidently a stir in the Omar Pasha's quarters. Turkish officers were going and coming with an eagerness and alacrity by no means natural to those functionaries. An English horse looking very thin and uncomfortable, was being led away from the tent, smoking from the speed at which he had been ridden. The sentry alone was totally unmoved and apathetic: a devout Mussulman, to him destiny was destiny, and there an end. Had the enemy appeared forty thousand strong, sweeping over his very camp, he would have fired his musket leisurely; in all probability it would not have gone off the first time, and awaited his fate, calmly observing, "Kismet! \* there is but one Allah!"

More energetic spirits are fortunately within those green canvas walls; for there sits Omar Pasha surrounded by the gallant little band of foreigners, chiefly English-

\* Destiny.

men who never wavered or hesitated for an instant, however desperate the task to be undertaken, and whom, it is but justice to say, the Turks were always ready to follow to the death. Very different is the expression on each countenance, for a council of war is sitting, and to-day will decide the fate of many a gray-coated Muscov and many a turbaned servant of the Prophet. A Russian prisoner has moreover just been brought in, and my arrival is sufficiently opportune to interpret, with the few words of Russian I have already picked up, between the unfortunate man and his captors. If he prove to be a spy, as is more than suspected, may Heaven have mercy on him, for the Turk will not.

Omar Pasha's brow is contracted and stern. He vouchsafes me no look or sign of recognition as he bids me ask the prisoner certain pertinent questions on which life and death depend.

"What is the strength of the corps to which you belong?"

The man answers doggedly and with his eyes fixed on the ground, "Twenty thousand bayonets."

Omar Pasha, compares his answer with a paper he holds in his hand. I fancy he sets his teeth a little tighter, but otherwise he moves not a muscle of his countenance.

"At what distance from the Danube did you leave your General's head-quarters?"

The prisoner pretends not to understand. My limited knowledge of his language obliges me to put the question in an involved form, and he seems to take time to consider his answer. There is nothing about the man to distinguish him from the common Russian soldier—a mere military serf. He is dressed in the long, shabby, gray coat, the greasy boots, and has a low, overhanging brow, a thoroughly Calmuck cast of features, and an intensely stupid expression of countenance; but I remark that his hands which are nervously pressed together, are white and slender, and his feet are much too small for their huge, shapeless coverings.

His eye glitters as he steals a look at the General, whilst he answers, "Not more than an hour and a half."

Again Omar consults his paper, and a gleam passes over his face like that of a chess-player who has checkmated his adversary.

"One more question," he observes courteously, "and I will trouble you no longer. What force of artillery is attached to your General's *corps d'armée*?"

"Eight batteries of field-cannon and four troops of horse artillery," replies the prisoner, this time without a moment's hesitation; but the sweat breaks out on his forehead, for he is watching Omar Pasha's countenance, and he reads "death" on that impassable surface.

"It is sufficient, gentlemen," observes the General to the officers who surround him. "Let him be taken to the rear of the encampment and shot forthwith."

The prisoner's lip quivers nervously, but he shows extraordinary pluck, and holds himself upright as if on parade.

"Poor devil!" says a hearty voice in English; and turning round, I see a good-looking, broad-shouldered Englishman, in the uniform of a brigadier, who is watching the prisoner with an air of pity and curiosity approaching the ludicrous. "Excellence," says he, in somewhat broken German, "will you not send him to me! I will undertake that he spreads no false reports about the camp. I will answer for his safety in my hands; he must not be permitted to communicate with any one, even by signs; but it is a pity to shoot him, is it not?"

"I would do much to oblige you, Brigadier," replied Omar, with frank courtesy; "but you know the custom of war. I cannot in this instance depart from it—no not even to oblige a friend;" he smiled, as he spoke, and added in Turkish to an officer who stood beside him, "March him out, and see it done immediately. And now, gentlemen," he proceeded, "we will arrange the plan of attack. Mr. Egerton, your despatches are ready; let them reach Iskender Bey without delay. There will be work for us all to-morrow."

At these words a buzz of satisfaction filled the tent; not an officer there but was determined to win his way to distinction, *coute qui coute*. I felt I had received my dismissal, and bowed myself out. As I left the tent, I encountered the unfortunate Russian prisoner marching doggedly under escort to the place of his doom.

When he caught sight of me, he made a mechanical motion with his fettered hand, as though to raise it to his cap, and ad-

ressed me in French, of which language he had hitherto affected the most profound ignorance.

"Comrade," said he, "order these men to give me five minutes. We are both soldiers; you shall do me a favor."

I spoke to the "*mulazim*"\* who commanded the guard. He pointed out an open space on which we were entering, and observed, "The Moscow has reached his resting-place at last. Five minutes are soon gone. What am I, that I should disobey the Tergyman? Be it on my head, Effendi."

The Russian became perfectly composed. At my desire his arms were liberated, and the first use he made of his freedom was to shake me cordially by the hand.

"Comrade," said he, in excellent French and with the refined tone of an educated man, "we are enemies, but we are soldiers. We are civilized men among barbarians; above all, we are Christians among Infidels. Swear to me by the faith we both worship that you will fulfil my last request."

His coolness at this trying moment brought the tears into my eyes. I promised to comply with his demand, so far as my honor as a soldier would permit me.

He had stood unmoved surrounded by enemies, he had heard his death-warrant without shrinking for an instant; but my sympathy unmanned him, and it was with a broken voice and moistened eyes that he proceeded.

"I am not what I seem. I hold a commission in the Russian army. Disguised as a private soldier, I crossed the river of my own free will. I have sacrificed myself willingly for my country and my Czar. He will know it, and my brother will be promoted. The favor I ask you is no trifling one." He took a small amulet from his neck as he spoke; it was the image of his patron saint, curiously wrought in gold. "Forward this to my mother, she is the one I love best on earth. Mother," he repeated, in a low, heart-breaking voice, "could you but see me now!"

I had fortunately a memorandum-book in my pocket. I tore out a leaf and handed him a pencil. He thanked me with such a

\* Lieutenant.

look of gratitude as I never saw before on mortal face, wrote a few lines, wrapped the amulet in the paper, and inscribed on it the direction, with a hand far steadier than my own. As he gave it me, the mulazim coolly observed, "Effendi! the time has expired," and ordered his men to "fall in." The Russian squeezed my hand, and drew himself up proudly to his full height, whilst his eye kindled and the color came once more into his cheek. As I mounted my horse, he saluted me with the grave courteous air with which a man salutes an antagonist in a duel.

I could not bear to see him die. I went off at a gallop, but I had not gone two hundred paces before I heard the rattle of some half-dozen muskets. I pulled up short and turned around. Some inexplicable fascination forced me to look. The white smoke was floating away. I heard the ring of the men's ramrods as they reloaded; and where the Russian had stood erect and chivalrous while he bid me his last farewell, there was

nothing now but a wisp of gray cloth upon the ground.

Sick at heart, I rode on at a walk, with the bridle on my horse's neck. But a soldier's feelings must not interfere with duty. My despatches had to be delivered immediately, and soon I was once more speeding away as fast as I had come. An hour's gallop braced my nerves and warmed the blood about my heart. As I gave Injour a moment's breathing time, I summoned fortitude to read the Russian's letter. My scholarship was more than sufficient to master its brief contents. It was addressed to the Countess D—, and consisted but of these few words: "Console thyself, my mother; I die in the true faith."

He was a gallant man and a good. "If this is the stuff our enemies are made of," thought I, as I urged Injour once more to his speed, "there is, indeed—as Omar Pasha told us to-day—there is, indeed, 'work cut out for us all.'"

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—"ISKENDER BEY."

THE old lion is sober enough now. What a headache he ought to have after all that brandy yesterday: but the prospect of fighting always puts Iskender Bey to rights, and to-day he will have a bellyful or we are much mistaken. At the head, in the rear, on the flanks of his small force the fiery Pole seems to have eyes and ears for every trooper under his command. The morning is dark and cloudy; a small drizzling rain is falling, and effectually assists our manoeuvres. We have crossed the Danube in a few flat-boats before daybreak, fortunately with no further casualty than the drowning of one horse, whose burial service has been celebrated in the strongest oaths of the Turkish language. We have landed without opposition; and should we not be surprised by any outpost of the enemy, we are in a highly favorable position for taking our share in the combined attack.

Victor de Rohan has been attached for the occasion to our Commander's staff. He is accompanied by a swarthy, powerful man, mounted on a game-looking bay mare, the only charger of that sex present on the field. This worthy goes by the name of Ali Mesrour, and is by birth a Beloochee: fighting has been his trade for more than twenty years, and he has literally fought his way

all over the East, till he found himself a sort of henchman to Omar Pasha on the banks of the Danube. He has accompanied De Rohan here from head-quarters, and sits on his mare by the Hungarian's side, grim and unmoved, as becomes a veteran warrior. There is charlatanism in all trades. It is the affectation of the young soldier to be excited, keen, volatile, and jocose, while the older hand thinks it right to assume an air of knowing calmness, just dashed with a touch of sardonic humor. We are situated in a hollow, where we are completely hidden from the surrounding district: the river guards our rear and one of our flanks; a strong picket is under arms in our front, and beyond it a few vedettes, themselves unseen, are peeping over the eminence before them. Our main body are dismounted, but the men are prepared to "stand to their horses" at a moment's notice, and all noise is strictly forbidden in the ranks. If we are surprised by a sufficiently strong force we shall be cut to pieces, for we have no retreat; if we can remain undiscovered for another hour or so, the game will be in our own hands.

Iskender Bey is in Paradise. This is what he lives for; and to-day, he thinks, will see him a pasha or a corpse.



"Tergyman," he whispers to me, whilst his sides shake and his eyes kindle with mirth, "how little they think *who* is their neighbor. And the landing, Tergyman! the landing! the only place for miles where we could have accomplished it, and they had not even a sentry there. O, it is the best joke!" And Iskender dismounts from his horse, to enjoy his laugh in comfort, while his swollen veins and bloodshot eyes betoken the severity of the internal convulsion, all the more powerful that he must not have it out in louder tones.

"Another hour of this, at least," observes Victor, as he lights a large cigar, and hands another to the commandant, and a third to myself, "one more hour, Egerton, and then comes *our* chance. You have got a picked body of men to-day, Effendi!" he observes to the Bey; "and not the worst of the horses."

"They are my own children to-day, Count," answers Iskender, with sparkling eyes. "There are not too many of the brood left; but the chickens are game to the backbone. What say you, Ali? These fellows are better stuff than your Arabs that you make such a talk about."

The Beloochee smiles grimly, and pats his mare on the neck.

"When the sun is low," he answers, "I shall say what I think; meanwhile work, and not talk, is before us. The Arab is no bad warrior, Effendi, on the fourth day, when the barley is exhausted, and there is no water in the skins."

Iskender laughs and points to the Danube. "There is water enough there," he says, "for the whole cavalry of the Padisha, Egyptian guards, and all. Pah! don't talk of water, I hate the very name of it. Brandy is the liquor for a soldier—brandy and blood. Count de Rohan, your Hungarians don't fight upon water, I'll answer for it."

"You know our proverb, Effendi," replies Victor, "'The hussar's horse drinks wine.' But the rain is coming on heavier," he adds, looking up at the clouds; "we shall have water enough to satisfy even a true Mussulman like Ali, presently. How slow the time passes. May I not go forward and reconnoitre?"

The permission is willingly granted; and as my office is to-day a sinecure, I creep for-

ward with Victor beyond our advanced posts, to a small knoll, from which, without being seen, we can obtain a commanding view of the surrounding country.

There is a flat extent in front of us, admirably adapted for the operations of cavalry; and a slight eminence covered with brushwood, which will conceal our movements for nearly half a mile farther.

"The fools!" whispers Victor; "if they had lined that copse with rifle-men, they might have bothered us sadly as we advanced."

"How do you know they have not?" I whisper in reply; "not a man could we see from here; and their gray coats are exactly the color of the soil in this unhappy country."

Victor points to a flock of bustards feeding in security on the plain. "Not one of those birds would remain a second," says he, "if there were a single man in the copse. Do you not see that they have got the wind of all that brushwood? and the bustard, either by scent or hearing, can detect the presence of a human being as unerringly as a deer. But see; the mist is clearing from the Danube. It cannot but begin soon."

Sure enough the mist was rolling heavily away from the broad, yellow surface of the river; already we could descry the towers and walls of Roustchouk, looming large, like some enchanted keep, above the waters. The rain, too, was clearing off, and a bit of blue sky was visible above our heads. In a few minutes the sun shone forth cheerily, and a lark rose into the sky from our very feet, with his gladsome heavenward song, as the boom of a cannon smote heavily on our ears; and we knew that, for to-day, the work of death had at last begun.

The mist rose like a curtain; and the whole attack was now visible from our post. A few flats were putting off from the Bulgarian side of the river, crowded with infantry, whose muskets and accoutrements glittered in the fitful sunlight, loaded to the water's edge. It was frightful to think of the effect a round-shot might have on one of those crazy shallops, with its living freight. The Russian batteries, well and promptly served, were playing furiously on the river; but their range was too high, and the iron shower whizzed harmlessly over the heads of

the Attacking Moslem. A Turkish steamer, coolly and skillfully handled, was plying to and fro in support of her comrades, and throwing her shells beautifully into the Russian redoubts, where those unwelcome visitors created much annoyance and confusion. Victor's eye lightened as he puffed at his cigar with an assumed *sang froid* which it was easy to see he did not feel.

"The old lion won't stay here long," he whispered to me; "look back at him now, Vere. I told you so: there they go—'boots and saddles.' We too shall be at it in ten minutes. *Vive la guerre!*"

As he spoke, the trumpet rung out the order to "mount." Concealment was no longer necessary, and we rushed back to our horses, and placed ourselves on either side of our commander, ready to execute whatever orders he might choose to give.

Iskender Bey was now cool as if on parade; nay, considerably cooler: for the rehearsal was more apt to excite his feelings than the play itself. He moved us forward at a trot. Once more he halted amongst the brushwood, from which the scared bustards were by this time flying in all directions; and whilst every charger's frame quivered with excitement, and even the proud Turkish hearts throbbed quicker under the Sultan's uniform, he alone appeared wholly unmoved by the stake he had to play in the great game. It was but the calm before the hurricane.

From our new position we could see the boats of our comrades rapidly nearing the shore. Iskender, his bridle hanging over his mutilated arm, and his glass pressed to his eye, watched them with eager gaze. It was indeed a glorious sight. With a thrilling cheer, the Turkish infantry sprang ashore, and fixing bayonets as they rushed on, stormed the Russian redoubts at a run, undismayed and totally unchecked by the well-sustained fire of musketry, and the grape and canister liberally showered on them by the enemy. An English officer in the uniform of a brigadier, whom through my glass I recognized as the good-humored intercessor for the prisoner in Omar Pasha's tent, led them on, waving his sword, several paces in front of his men, and encouraging them with a gallantry and daring that I was proud to feel were truly British.

But the Russian redoubts were well

manned, and a strong body of infantry were drawn up in support a few hundred paces in their rear; the guns too had been depressed, and the cannonade was terrible. Down went the red fez and the shaven head; Turkish sabre and French musket lay masterless on the sand, and many a haughty child of Osman gasped out his welling life-blood to slake the dry Wallachian soil. Wave your green scarfs, dark-eyed maids of Paradise! for your lovers are thronging to your gates. But the crimson flag is waving in the van, and the Russian eagle even now spreads her wings to fly away. A strong effort is made by the massive gray column which constitutes the enemy's reserve, but the English brigadier has placed himself at the head of a freshly-landed regiment—Albanians are they, wild and lawless robbers of the hills—and he sweeps every thing before him. The redoubts are carried with a cheer, the gunners bayoneted, the heavy field-pieces turned on their former masters, and the Russian column shakes, wavers, and gives way. The glass trembles in Iskender's hand; his eye glares, and the veins of his forehead begin to swell: for him too the moment has come.

"Count de Rohan," says he, while he shuts up his glass like a man who now sees his way clearly before him, "bring up the rearguard. Tergyman! I have got them *here in my hand!*" and he clasps the mutilated fingers as he speaks. "Now I can crush them. The column will advance at a trot—'March!'"

Rapidly we clear the space that intervenes between our former position and the retreating columns of the enemy—now to sweep down with our handful of cavalry on their flank, and complete the victory that has been so gallantly begun! For the first time the enemy appears aware of our proximity. A large body of cavalry moves up at a gallop to intercept us. We can see their commander waving his sword and giving his orders to his men; their number is far greater than our own, and Iskender is now indeed in his glory.

"Form line!" he shouts in a voice of thunder, as he draws his glittering sabre and shakes it above his head. "Advance at a gallop!—charge!!"

Victor de Rohan is on one side of him, the Beloochee and myself on the other; the

wildest blood and the best horses in Turkey at our backs: and down we go like the whirlwind, with the shout of "*Allah! Allah!*" surging in our ears, lances couched and pennons fluttering, the maddened chargers thundering at their speed, and the life-blood mounting to the brain in the fierce ecstasy of that delirious moment.

I am a man of peace, God knows! What have I to do with the folly of ambition—the tinsel and the glare and the false enthusiasm of war? And yet, with steel in his hand and a good horse between his knees, a man may well be excused for deeming such a moment as this worth many a year of peaceful life and homely duties. Alas! alas! is it all vanity? is *cui bono* the sum and the end of every thing? Who knows? And yet it was glorious while it lasted!

Long ere we reach them, the Russian cavalry wavers and hesitates. Their commander gallops nobly to the front. I can see him now, with his high chivalrous features, and long, fair moustache waving in the breeze. He gesticulates wildly to his men, and a squadron or two seem inclined to follow the example of their gallant leader. In vain: we are upon them even now in their confusion, and we roll them over, man and horse, with the very impetus of our charge. Lance-thrust and sabre-cut, stab and blow and ringing pistol-shot, make short work of the enemy. "*Allah! Allah!*" shout our maddened troopers, and they give and take no quarter. The fair-haired Colonel still fights gallantly on. Hopeless as it is, he strives to rally his men—a gentleman and a soldier to the last. My comrade, the Beloochee, has his eye on him. They meet in the *mêlée*. The Colonel deals a furious blow at his enemy with his long sabre, but the supple Asiatic crouches on his mare's neck, and wheels the well-trained animal at the same instant with his heel. His curved blade glitters for a moment in the sun. It seems to pass without resistance through the air; then the fair moustache is dabbled all in blood, and the Colonel's horse gallops masterless from the field.

Victor de Rohan fights like a very Paladin, and even I feel the accursed spirit rising in my heart. The Russian cavalry are scattered like chaff before the wind. Their disorganized masses ride in upon their own infantry,

who are vainly endeavoring to form with some regularity. The retreat becomes a rout, and our Turkish troopers fly like hell-hounds to the pursuit.

How might a reserve have turned the tables then! What a bitter lesson might have been taught us by a few squadrons of veteran cavalry, kept in hand by a cool and resolute officer. In vain Iskender rides and curses and gesticulates; he is himself more than half inclined to follow the example of his men. In vain the Beloochee entreats and argues, and even strikes the refractory with the flat of his sabre: our men have tasted blood, and are no longer under control. One regiment of Russian infantry, supported by a few hussars and a field-piece, are still endeavoring to cover the retreat.

"De Rohan," exclaims Iskender, while the foam gathers on his lip and his features work with excitement, "I must have that gun! Forward, and follow me!"

We place ourselves at the head of two squadrons of the flower of our cavalry: veterans are they, well seasoned in all the artifices of war, and "*own children*"—so he delights to call them—to their chief. The Beloochee has also succeeded in rallying a few stragglers; and once more we rush to the attack.

The Russian regiment, however, is well commanded, and does its duty admirably. The light field-piece opens on us as we advance, and a well-directed volley, delivered when we are within a few paces, checks us at the instant we are upon them. I can hear the Russian officer encouraging his men.

"Well done, my children," says he, with the utmost *sang froid*—"once more like that will be enough."

Several of our saddles are emptied, and Iskender begins to curse.

"Dogs!" he shouts, grinding his teeth, and spurring furiously forward—"dogs! I will be amongst you yet. Follow me, soldiers! follow me!"

Meantime, the Russian hussars have been reinforced, and are now capable of showing a front. They threaten our flank, and we are forced to turn our attention to this new foe. The infantry hold their ground manfully, and Iskender, wheeling his men, rushes furiously upon the comparatively fresh regiment of hussars with his tired

horses. The Beloochee and myself are still abreast. Despite of a galling fire poured in by the infantry upon our flank, the men advance readily to the attack. We are within six horses' lengths of the hussars. I am setting my teeth and nerving my muscles for the encounter, which must be fought out hand to hand, when—crash!—Injourn bounds into the air, falls upon his head, recovers himself, goes down once more, rolls over me, and lies prostrate, shot through the heart. I disentangle myself from the saddle, and rise, looking wildly about me. One leg refuses to support my weight, but I do not know that my ankle-bone is broken by a musket-ball, and that I cannot walk three yards to save my life. A loose charger gallops over me and knocks me down once more. I cannot rise again. The short look I have just had has shown me our own cavalry retiring, probably to obtain reinforcements. The Russian hussars are between me and them, while the desultory firing on my right tells me that the pursuit is still rolling away far into Wallachia. But all this is dim and indistinct. Again the old feeling comes on that it is not Vere Egerton, but some one else, who is lying there to die. A cold sweat covers my face; a deadly sickness oppresses me; the ground rises and heaves around me, and I grasp the tufts of trodden grass in my hands. The sound of church bells is in my ears. Surely it is the old bell at Alton; but it strikes painfully on my brain. A vision, too, fleets before me, of Constance, with her soft, dark eyes—the white dress makes me giddy—a flash as of fire seems to blind me, and I know and feel no more.

I was brought to my senses, by the simple process of a Cossack dropping his lance into the fleshy part of my arm—no pleasant restorative, but in my case a most effectual one. The first sight that greeted my eyes was his little horse's girths and belly, and his own rough, savage countenance, looking grimly down upon me, as he raised his arm to repeat the thrust. I muttered the few words of Russian I knew, to beg for mercy, and he looked at his comrades, as though to consult them on the propriety of acceding to so unheard-of a request as that of a wounded man for his life. A few paces off I saw the Beloochee, evidently taken prisoner, dis-

armed, and his head running with blood, but his whole bearing as dignified and unmoved as usual.

In this awkward predicament I happily bethought me of the Russian prisoner's epistle.

"Quarter, comrade! quarter!" I shouted as loudly as my failing voice would suffer me. "I have a letter from your officer. Here it is."

"Osmanli?" inquired the Cossack, once more raising his arm to strike. I shuddered to think how quickly that steel lance-head might be buried in my body.

"No, Inglis!" I replied, and the man lowered his weapon once more and assisted me to rise.

Fortunately at this juncture an officer rode up, and to him I appealed for mercy and proper treatment as a prisoner of war. I misdoubted considerably the humanity of my first acquaintance, whose eyes I could see wandering over my person, as though he were selecting such accoutrements and articles of clothing as he thought would suit his own taste. The officer, who seemed of high rank, and was accompanied by an escort, fortunately spoke German, and I appealed eloquently to him in that language. He started at the superscription of the deserter's letter, and demanded of me sternly how I obtained it. In a few words I told him the history of the unfortunate spy, and he passed his gloved hand over his face as though to conceal his emotion.

"You are English?" he observed rapidly, and looking uneasily over his shoulder at the same time. "We do not kill our English prisoners, barbarians as you choose to think us: but to the Turk we give no quarter. Put him on a horse," he added to my original captor, who kept unpleasantly near: "do not ill-treat him, but bring him safely along with you. If he tries to escape, blow his brains out. As for that rascal," pointing to the Beloochee, "put a lance through him forthwith."

A happy thought struck me. I determined to make an effort for Ali. "Excellence," I pleaded, "spare him, he is my servant."

The Russian officer paused. "Is he not a Turk?" he asked sternly.

"No, I swear he is not," I replied. "He is my servant, and an Englishman."



If ever a lie was justifiable, it was on the present occasion: I trust this *white* one may not be laid to my charge.

"Bring them both on," said the Russian, still glancing anxiously to his rear. "Lieutenant Dolwitz, look to the party. Keep your men together, and move rapidly. This is the Devil's own business, and our people are in full retreat." All this, though spoken in Russian, I was able to understand; nor did the hurried manner in which the great man galloped off shake my impression that he still dreaded a vision of Iskender Bey and

his band of heroes thundering on his track. I was placed on an active little Cossack pony. The Beloochee's wrist was tied to mine, and he was forced to walk or rather run by my side; whenever he flagged a poke from the butt end of a lance admonished him to mend his pace, and a Russian curse fell harmlessly on his ear. Still he preserved his dignity through it all; and so we journeyed onwards into Wallachia, and meditated on the chances of war and the changes that a day may bring forth.

## CHAPTER XIX.—THE BELOOCHEE.

The pursuit was fast and furious. After crossing such a river as the Danube, in the teeth of a far superior force and under a heavy fire—after carrying the Russian redoubts with the bayonet, and driving their main body back upon its reserve, the Turkish troops, flushed and wild with victory, were not to be stopped by any soldiers on earth.

Iskender's charge had completely scattered the devoted body that had so gallantly interposed to cover the retreat of their comrades, and a total rout of the Russian forces was the result. The plains of Wallachia were literally strewn with dismounted guns, broken ambulance waggons, tumbrils, ammunition carts, dead and dying, whilst still the fierce Moslem urged his hot pursuit. Straggler after straggler, reeking with haste and all agape with fear, reached the astonished town of Burcharest, and the reports in that pleasure-seeking capital, were, as may well be imagined, of the most bewildering and contradictory description.

Many a frightful scene was witnessed by the terrified Wallachian peasant, as fugitive after fugitive was overtaken, struck down and butchered by the dread pursuers. Nay, women and children were not spared in the general slaughter; and the hideous practice of refusing "quarter," which has so long existed between the Turkish and Russian armies, now bore ghastly fruit.

A horse falls exhausted in a cart which contains some Russian wounded, and a woman belonging to their regiment. Its comrade vainly struggles to draw them through the slough in which they are fast. Half-a-dozen Turkish troopers are on their track, urging those game little horses to their speed, and escape is hopeless.

Helpless and mutilated, the poor fellows

abandon themselves to their fate. The Turk<sup>s</sup> ride in and make short work of them, the Moscov dying with a stolid, grim apathy peculiar to himself and his natural foe. The woman alone shows energy and quickness in her efforts to preserve her child. She covers the baby over with the straw at the bottom of the cart; wounded as she is in the confusion, and with an arm broken, she seeks to divert the attention of her ruthless captors. Satisfied with their butchery, they are about to ride on in search of fresh victims, and the mother's heart leaps to think that she has saved her darling. But the baby cries in its comfortless nest; quick as thought a Turkish trooper buries his lance amongst the straw, and withdraws the steel head and gaudy pennon, reeking with innocent blood. The mother's shriek flies straight to Heaven. Shall the curse she invokes on that ruthless brute fall back unheard? Ride on man of blood—ride on, to burn and ravage and slay, and when the charge hath swept over thee, and the field is lost, and thou art gasping out thy life-blood on the plain, think of that murdered child, and die like a dog in thy despair!

By a route nearly parallel with the line of flight, but wandering through an unfrequented district with which the Cossacks seem well acquainted, the Beloochee and myself proceed towards our captivity. We have ample leisure to examine our guards, those far-famed Cossacks of whom warriors hear so much and see so little—the best scouts and foragers known, hardy, rapid, and enduring, the very eyes and ears of an army, and for every purpose *except* fighting, unrivalled by any light cavalry in the world. My original captor who still clings to me with a most unwelcome fondness, is no bad



specimen of his class. He is mounted on a shaggy pony, that at first sight seems completely buried even under the middle-sized man it carries, but with a lean, good head, and wiry limbs that denote speed and endurance, when put to the test. In a snaffle bridle, and with its head up, the little animal goes with a jerking, springing motion, not the least impaired by its day's work, and the fact that it has now been without food for nearly twenty-four hours. Its master, the same who keeps his small bright eye so constantly fastened upon his prisoners, is a man of middle height, spare, strong, and sinewy, with a bushy red beard and huge moustache. His dress consists of enormously loose trousers, a tight-fitting jacket, and high leathern shako; and he sits with his knees up to his chin. His arms are a short sabre, very blunt, and useless, and a long lance, with which he delights to do effective service against a fallen foe. He has placed the Beloochee between himself and me; it seems that he somewhat mistrusts my companion, but considers myself a wounded man on one of their own horses, safe from any attempt at escape. The Beloochee, notwithstanding that every word calls down a thwack upon his pate (wounded as it is by the sabre-cut which stunned him) from the shaft of a lance, hazards an observation every now and then, in Turkish. It is satisfactory to find that our guardians are totally ignorant of that language. I remark, too, that Ali listens anxiously at every halt, and apparently satisfied with what he hears, though I for my part can discern nothing, walks on in a cheerful frame of mind, which I attribute entirely to his Moslem stoicism. His conversation towards dusk consists entirely of curses upon his captors; and these worthies, judging of its tenor by the sound, and sympathizing doubtless with the relief, thus afforded, cease to labor him for his remarks.

At nightfall the rain came on again as in the morning; and at length it grew pitch dark, just as we entered a defile, on one side of which was a steep bank covered with short brushwood, and on the other a wood of young oaks nearly impenetrable.

I felt the Beloochee's wrist press mine with an energy that must mean something.

"Are you in pain?" he whispered in Turkish, adding a loud and voluble curse upon the Giaour, much out of unison with

his British character, but which was doubtless mistaken for a round English oath.

"Not much," I replied in the same language, "but sick and faint at times."

"Can you roll off your horse, and down the bank on your left?" he added, hurriedly. "If you can, I can save you."

"Save yourself," I replied: "how can I move a step with a ball in my ankle-bone?"

"Silence!" interposed the Cossack with a bang over the Beloochee's shoulders.

"Both or none," whispered the latter after a few seconds' interval; "do exactly as I tell you."

"Agreed," I replied, and waited anxiously for the result.

Our Cossack was getting wet through. To his hardy frame such a soaking could scarcely be called an inconvenience; nevertheless, it created a longing for a pipe, and the tobacco-bag he had taken from Ali was fortunately not half emptied. As he stopped to fill and light his short silver-mounted *mierschaum*, the spoil of some fallen foe, the troopers in our rear passed on. We were left some ten paces behind the rest, and the night was as dark as pitch.

Ali handed me a small knife: he had concealed that and one other tiny weapon in the folds of his sash, when they searched him on the field of battle. I knew what he meant, and cut the cord that bound our wrists together; his other hand meanwhile, to lull suspicion, caressed the Cossack's horse. That incautious individual blew upon his match, which refused to strike a good light.

In a twinkling Ali's shawl was unwound from his body and thrown apparently over the Cossack's saddle-bow. The smothered report of a pocket-pistol smote on my ear, but the sound could not penetrate through those close Cashmere folds to the party in front, and they rode unconsciously forward. The Beloochee's hand, too, was on his adversary's throat; and one or two gasps, as they rolled together to the ground, made me doubtful whether he had been slain by the ball from that little though effective weapon, or choked in the nervous grip of the Asiatic.

I had fortunately presence of mind to restrain my own horse, and catch the Cossack's by the bridle; the party in front still rode on.

Ali rose from the ground. "The knife," he whispered hoarsely; "the knife!"

Once, twice, he passed it through that prostrate body. "Throw yourself off," he exclaimed; "let the horses go. Roll down that bank, and we are saved!"

I obeyed him with the energy of a man who knows he has but *one* chance. I scarcely felt the pain as I rolled down amongst the brushwood. I landed in a water-course full of pebbles, but the underwood had served to break my fall; and though sorely bruised and with a broken ankle, I was still alive. The Beloochee, agile as a cat, was by my side.

"Listen," said he; "they are riding back to look for us. No horse on earth but *one* can creep down that precipice; lie still. If the moon does not come out, we are saved."

Moments of dreadful suspense followed. We could hear the Cossacks shouting to each other above, and their savage yell when they discovered their slain comrade smote wildly on our ears. Again I urged the Beloochee to fly—why should he wait to die with me? I could scarcely crawl, and a cold sickness came on at intervals that unnerved me totally.

To all my entreaties he made but one reply, "Bakaloum" (We shall see), "it is our destiny. There is but one Allah!"

The Cossacks' shouts became fainter and fainter. They seem to have divided in search of their late prey. The moon, too, struggled out fitfully. It was a wild scene.

The Beloochee whistled—a low, peculiar whistle, like the cry of a night-hawk. He listened attentively; again he repeated that prolonged, wailing note. A faint neigh answered it from the darkness, and we heard the tread of a horse's hoofs approaching at a trot.

"It is Zuleika," he observed, quietly; "there is but one Allah!"

A loose horse, with saddle and bridle, trotted up to my companion, and laid its head against his bosom. Stern as he was, he caressed it as a mother fondles a child. It was his famous bay mare, "the treasure of his heart," "the corner of his liver,"—for by such endearing epithets he addressed her,—and now he felt indeed that he was saved.

"Mount," said he, "in the name of the Prophet. I know exactly where we are. Zuleika has the wings of the wind; she laughs to scorn the heavy steeds of the

Giaour; they swallow the dust thrown up by her hoofs, and Zuleika bounds from them like the gazelle. O, *jhanum!*—O, my soul!" Once more he caressed her, and the mare seemed well worthy of his affection; she returned it by rubbing her head against him with a low neigh.

I was soon in the saddle, with the Beloochee walking by my side. His iron frame seemed to acknowledge no fatigue. Once I suggested that the mare should carry double, and hazarded an opinion that by reducing the pace we might fairly increase the burden. The remark well-nigh cost me the loss of my preserver's friendship.

"Zuleika," he exclaimed, with cold dignity, "Zuleika requires no such consideration. She is not like the gross horse of the Frank, who sinks and snorts, and struggles and faile, under his heavy burden. She would step lightly as a deer under three such men as we are. No, light of my eyes," he added, smoothing down the thin, silky mane of his favorite, "I will walk by thee and caress thee, and feast my eyes on thy star-like beauty. Should the Giaour be on our track, I will mount thee with the Tergyman, and we will show him the mettle of a real daughter of the desert—my rose, my precious one!"

She was, indeed, a high-bred looking animal, although from her great strength in small compass she appeared less speedy than she really was. Her color was a rich, dark bay, without a single white hair. Her crest was high and firm as that of a horse; and her lean, long head and expressive countenance showed the ancestry by which her dotting master set such store. Though the skin that covered those iron muscles so loosely was soft and supple as satin, she carried no flesh, and her deep ribs might almost be counted by the eye. Long in her quarters, with legs of iron, and immense power in her back and loins, she walked with an elastic, springy gait, such as even my own Injour could not have emulated. She was of the highest breed in the desert, and as superior to other horses as the deer is to the donkey. I wondered how my friend had obtained possession of her; and as we plodded on, the Beloochee, who had recovered his good humor walking by my side, condescended to inform me of the process by which the invaluable Zuleika had become his own.

"Tergyman!" said he, "I have journeyed through many lands, and, with the exception of your country—the island of storms and snows—I have seen the whole world.\* In my own land the mountains are high and rugged, the winters cold and boisterous; it rears *men* brave and powerful as *Rustam*, but we must look elsewhere for horses. Zuleika, you perceive, is from the desert: 'The nearer the sun, the nobler the steed.' She was bred in the tent of a sheikh, and as a foal she carried on her back only such children as had a chief's blood in their veins.

"From my youth up I have been a man of war, Effendi, and the word of command has been more familiar to my lips than the blessed maxims of the Prophet; but the time will come when I too shall be obliged to cross the narrow bridge that spans the abyss of hell. And if my naked feet have no better protection from its red-hot surface than deeds of arms and blood-stained victories, woe to me forever! I shall assuredly fall headlong into the depths of fire.

"Therefore I bethought me of a pilgrimage to Mecca, for he is indeed a true believer who has seen with his own eyes the shrine of the Blessed Prophet. Many and long were the days I passed under the burning sun of the desert, wearisome and slow was the march of the caravan. My jaded camel was without water. I said in my soul, 'It is my destiny to die.' Far behind the long array, almost out of hearing of their bells, my beast dragged his weary steps. I quitted his back and led him till he fell. No sooner was he down than the vultures gathered screaming around him, though not a speck had I seen for hours in the burning sky. Then I beheld a small cloud far off on the horizon; it was but of the size of one of these herdsmen's cottages, but black as the raven, and it advanced more rapidly than a body of horsemen. Ere I looked again it seemed to reach the heavens, the skies became dark as night, columns of sand whirled around me, and I knew the simoom was upon us and it was time to die.

"How long I lay there I know not. When I recovered my consciousness, the caravan had disappeared, my camel was already

stripped to the bones by the birds of prey, my mouth and nostrils were full of sand. Nearly suffocated, faint and helpless, it was some time ere I was aware of an Arab horseman standing over me, and looking on my pitiable condition with an air of kindness and protection.

"My brother," he said, "Allah has delivered thee into my hand. Mount, and go with me."

"He gave me water from a skin, he put me on his own horse till we were joined by his tribe; I went with him to his tents, and I became to him as a brother, for he had saved me at my need.

"He was a Scheik of the wild Bedouins, a better warrior never drew a sword. Rich was he too, and powerful; but of all his wives and children, camels, horses, and riches, he had two treasures that he valued higher than the pearl of Solomon—his bay mare and his daughter Zuleika."

The Beloochee's voice trembled, and he paused. For a few seconds he listened as if to satisfy himself that the enemy were not on our track, and then nerving himself like a man about to suffer pain, and looking far into the darkness, he proceeded—

"I saw her day after day in her father's tent. Soon I longed for her light step and gentle voice as we long for the evening breeze after the glare and heat of the day. At last I watched her dark eyes as we watch the guiding star by night in the desert. To the Scheik I was as a brother. I was free to come and go in his tent, and all his goods were mine. Effendi! I am but a man, and I loved the girl. In less than a year I had become a warrior of their tribe; many a foray had I ridden with them, and many a herd of camels and drove of horses had I helped them to obtain. Once I saved the Scheik's life with the very sword I lost to-day. Could they not have given me the girl? Oh! it was bitter to see her every hour, and to know she was promised to another!

"A few days more and she was to be espoused to Achmet. He was the Scheik's kinsman, and she had been betrothed to him from a child. I could bear it no longer. The maiden looked at me with her dark eyes full of tears. I had eaten the Scheik's salt—he had saved me from a lingering death—he was my host, my friend, my benefactor, and I robbed him of his daughter. We fled

\* This is a common idea amongst Orientals when they have done Mecca and seen a greater part of Asia Minor.

in the night. I owned a horse that could outstrip every steed in the tribe save one. I took a leathern skin of water, a few handfuls of barley, and my arms. I placed Zuleika on the saddle in front of me, and at daybreak we were alone in the desert, she and I, and we were happy. When the sun had been up an hour, there was a speck in the horizon behind us. I told Zuleika we were pursued; but she bid me take courage, for my steed was the best in the tribe, said she, except her father's bay mare, and he suffered no one to mount that treasure but himself. She had loosed the bay mare the night before from her picket-ropes; it would be morning before they could find her, and there was nothing to fear. I took comfort, and pressed my bride to my heart.

"In the desert, Effendi, it is not as with us. The Arab's life depends upon his horse, and he proves him as you would prove a blade. At two years old he rides him till his back bends,\* and he never forgets the

\* An Arab maxim, from which they are studious not to depart; their idea being that a horse's worst

merits of the colt. Each horse's speed is as well known in the tribe as is each officer's rank in the army of the Padishah. Nothing could overtake my charger save the Scheik's bay mare; and, thanks to Zuleika, the bay mare must be hours behind us.

"We galloped steadily on, and once more I looked over my shoulders. The speck had become larger and darker now, and I caught the gleam of a lance in the morning sun. Our pursuer must be nearing us; my horse too began to flag, for I had ridden fiercely, and he carried myself and my bride. Nevertheless we galloped steadily on.

"Once more I looked back. The object was distinct enough now; it was a horseman, going at speed. Allah be praised! there was but one. Zuleika turned pale and trembled—my lily seemed to fade on my bosom. Effendi, I had resolved what to do."

year is from three to four; during which period they let him run perfectly idle, but feeding him at the same time as if in full work; for, say they, "a horse's goodness goes in at his mouth." At five he is considered mature.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."—1 Thess. iv. 14. (Anon.):

"Say, why should friendship grieve for those,  
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?  
Released from all their hurtful foes,  
They are not lost—but gone before.

"How many painful days on earth,  
Their fainting spirits number'd o'er!  
Now they enjoy a heav'nly birth,  
They are not lost—but gone before.

"Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,  
And sweet the strain which angels pour;  
O, why should we in anguish weep?  
They are not lost—but gone before.

"Secure from every mortal care,  
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,  
Eternal happiness they share,  
Who are not lost—but gone before.

"To Zion's peaceful courts above,  
In faith triumphant may we soar,  
Embracing in the arms of love  
The friends not lost—but gone before.

"On Jordan's bank whene'er we come,  
And hear the swelling waters roar,  
Jesus, convey us safely home,  
To friends not lost—but gone before."

I find these lines in R. A. Smith's *Edinburgh Harmony*, 1829, where they are stated to be anonymous. The author probably did not originate the expression, but adopted it as a burden to four charming stanzas. S. U. U.

I know not whether it will satisfy Minimus to be directed to a hemistich almost identical, and to the same purport, as that about which he inquires; but I copied, some years since, a quaint epitaph in Westminster Cloisters, of date 1621, as follows:

"With diligence, and trust, most exemplary  
Did Gabriel Laurence serve a Prebendary.  
And for his paines (now passed before—not lost)

Gained this remembrance at his master's cost.  
O, read these lines againe, you seldom find  
A Servant faithful, and a master Kind.

"Short-hand he wrote—his flow'r in prime did fade,  
And hasty Death, short-hand of him hath made,  
Well couth he numbers, and well measured land.

Thus doth he now that groud whereon you stand,  
Where in he lies so geometrical,  
Art maketh some—but this will Nature all.

"Ob. Dec. 20, 1621, Ætat 29."

Whether the latter part of the third line was a quotation from some older composition, I know not, but until any thing older is found, it may serve for an original. A. B. R.

In answer to the query of Minimus, I beg to inform him the words he quotes are a translation of *Seneca*:

"Non amittuntur,  
Sed promittuntur."

Notes and Queries.



From The Spectator.

## FRANCE AND HER FOOD.

THE *Edinburgh Review* has astonished the world by ventilating the discussions in Paris, from which French intellect will not be debarred, upon the decline of the population in France. The survey is really somewhat appalling, although our quondam Whig oracle has but half unveiled the causes and the consequences. The broad statistical facts have been rendered already familiar to most of our readers by the quotations and comments of the press. During the last three periods of five years each, the increase of the population of France has been progressively declining, from 1,200,000 in the first period, to 380,000 in the second period, 256,000 in the third; while in England and Wales, it is computed that in the five years and a half subsequent to 1851, the population, which is only about half as numerous as that of France, has gained an increase of 1,157,000. In other words, the increase of the population in England and Wales is about nine times greater than that of France. But the increase in the department of the Seine, within the last five years, has been 300,000 souls; which is more than the increase in the whole of the country. The population in the whole of France, therefore, omitting the capital, has absolutely decreased. There has been no depopulation by disease, by exhausting war, or by any of the ordinary causes of mortality. The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* ascribes the striking decrease very greatly to the removal of the population from the rural districts to the towns, where it falls under a variety of influences adverse to increase. The enormous expenditure which the State, and the municipal bodies the tools of the State, has laid out in the improvement of towns, has drawn to them a large increase. It has been calculated that by the encouragement of speculation in the Paris Bourse, about £40,000,000 has been added to the nominal value of the marketable stocks. The £40,000,000 is practically distributed among a comparatively small number of individuals; hence great positive increase to individual wealth, immense increase to luxurious consumption, and hence again two conditions apparently incompatible—an increased power of consumption in the towns with a diminished power of production in

the country. "The truth is," says the Reviewer, "that the vast apparent wealth of France under Louis Napoleon means that she has expended her money with extraordinary profusion, not that she has increased her savings or improved her capital." The efforts of the Government to remedy the distress thus occasioned—the police restrictions on the price of bread and on the price of butcher's meat in the towns—have at once stimulated consumption and checked production. It no longer "pays" the butcher to kill the finest animals; his profit under the fixed price must be made by substituting an inferior article—cow beef or lean mutton. The crowding of the towns has raised rents, while France is feeling the want of hands to man her forces in every direction. The deficient crops of 1855-'6 were badly got in, for want of hands. The country cannot sustain the annual levy of 80,000 men to recruit the army, which had been going on for forty years of the peace without interruption. The war was abruptly terminated because the army was impatient to return home. The naval conscription, intolerably severe, renders the service dangerously unpopular. And France is checked in her military vehemence by this deficiency of recruits. The Reviewer leaves the economical and home consequences, as well as the causes, under an obscurity which the reader must penetrate for himself.

There are many points in this survey which are true enough, though we doubt whether they are not taken too absolutely. For example, the displacement of the population by the system of Louis Napoleon cannot have produced the present state of things. The greatest decline of the increase occurred in the five years ending 1841, before the Napoleonic period; and the same process had then been going on for a considerable time. The displacement, and the other causes at which the Reviewer glances, may have assisted the general effect, but they are neither its original nor its largest causes. The *Times* adds the comminution of land under the modern French law of gavelkind; and in convicting the *Times* of "exaggeration"—a convenient form of continuing the discussion,—M. Le Play, the eminent economist, practically admits the tendency of the system to restrict enterprise and production. Still this is not the begin-



ning. The chief cause in fact had long been notorious. It was held up as an example in this country, many years back, by a certain sect of the disciples of Mr. Malthus; and it is admitted in the *Edinburgh Review* that the practical results of the virtue inculcated by those economists is attained in France. While the marriageable population of that gayly-disposed country does not hold itself in any degree bound to abstain from matrimony, it has been accepted as an absolute moral law, respected alike by prudential and imprudential, that the progeny of a marriage shall be limited to a number absolutely small, and such as the parents have prearranged the means of supporting in a given condition of life. The economists who recommended that rule of practical morals were wont to enforce it by the assurance that it would tend to place each married couple in a position of greater material comfort; and such appears to be the case in France.

"No doubt, these signs of increasing wealth are not altogether fictitious. A people as active, industrious, and ingenious as the French, blessed with great natural advantages, and stimulated by the rapid progress of civilization, cannot fail to augment its resources. \* \* \* \* The general aspect and condition of the French rural population shows a marked improvement in the last twenty years. Every new house is better built and better arranged than the old cottages; the blue linen blouse is not the only garment of the peasant winter and summer, but it is worn over good woollen clothing; the bread of the common people is whiter and purer, and the consumption of meat increases."

The last remark, like so many others, must be taken with some qualification; also the assertion that the sixty-six millions sterling invested in railways and other large outlay of the French Government are merely so much profuse expenditure. Money is not the only form of capital; and railways, which the writer confesses to be coöperating to produce this steady improvement in the condition of the people, are as much a capital as money in hand is a capital. The writer has not dug deep enough into the cause, nor has he looked forward into the consequences. Such a calculation might lead us far: we might trace the adoption of the cause to a feeling of intense selfishness, or still more to an intense faith in pure

materialist considerations; and we might couple with the recognition of such materialistic morals the natural reaction which has made the French people "take up with" the most fanciful of clerical superstitions and place the blindest reliance upon the power of one man.

Let us stick as closely as possible to the immediate points in issue. Louis Napoleon found the French in possession of manners and customs that brought about this decrease of the population; he invented means of employing the population; he did not turn his attention to the means of recruiting it. His first object was to concentrate power in his own hands. He appealed to "the democracy," to the army, to the trading classes; and he has converted all of them, in a certain degree, to be his tools. He has given the democracy a mechanically limited power; he has provided employment for the working classes; he has succeeded in developing a certain degree of commercial spirit and activity in a country strikingly "boutiquière" but in no degree merchant-like. In all these directions he has attained some success, but to no extent has he rendered his system self-supporting. With the exception of the hoarding principle, he has not set himself to counteract any of the grand prejudices of the French people, neither the superstitions of the peasantry, nor the superstitions of the landed proprietors, nor of the manufacturers, nor of society in clinging to the mystic moral law which is now destroying the population of the empire. He has made trade active; but he faltered when he approached the grand task of rendering it free, because there he encountered an indigenous French prejudice. He is building towns and draining the country of its labor; he is regulating the price of bread and meat, and prices are still rising, while the population look to him—to "our good Emperor"—for fresh supplies of cheap food; and if he fails in fulfilling their expectation, he confesses that he has not the power which he professed to take and which they believed him to possess. In some respects the pressure is far greater than the *Edinburgh Review* has proved it to be. The consumption of butcher's meat has increased, but it is in the towns. The consumption of one species of meat, of pork for example, has increased per head of the population, but not at all in

proportion to the exertions made for increasing the facilities,—the domestic supply expanding neither in proportion to market-accommodation nor to the demand, as shown in a long steadily rising price. The consumption of another article in universal demand—cheese—has been nearly stationary in Paris for a very long series of years. It has only increased in exact proportion to the population. But we know that the consuming power of certain towns, and still more of certain classes, has immensely increased; so that other classes must suffer. Take another fact; the wine which a few years ago would have cost four shillings for a given quantity now costs eleven or twelve shillings; and the class of persons who used to consume it content themselves with a worse wine, with corn brandy from England, or with Hollands. If you ascribe this to the failure of the wine crops, take potatoes, in which there is exactly the same rate of increase.

He has no choice but to go on. The pressure to which we have adverted applies to every part of France; to the Western seaboard—to the Eastern and Northeastern land frontier—to the departments of the North—to the departments of the South—to towns of the interior, like Cambray or Toulouse—to towns of the seaboard, like Boulogne or Toulon. But in all these places, concurrently with the outspoken suffering created by the pressure, there is the most absolute and distinct reliance upon "our good Emperor." The prosperity which is his work is attested by every traveller; the pressure, which it would be uncourteous to ascribe to him, is equally manifest; the provision for the future is equally looked for at his hand, and he *must* give it. The first step, then, is to begin the hard work of breaking through one indigenous prejudice of the French people, and to provision the class which is rendered mercantile without developing its country production, by means of an increased foreign exchange. M. Michel Chevalier is urging him to the reform; England, within sight of his own shores, offers him the example; and the sources from which we draw our gigantic commissariat are equally open to himself.

Beyond we cannot look. Who can pronounce the limits of the possible? Louis

Napoleon is using every exertion to turn the energy of France into mercantile channels, and, by a medium of intelligent patronage, to guide his country in the establishment of a self-supporting system. Should he fail?—

From The Examiner.

*Of Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease.*

By Sir John Forbes, M. D., D. C. L. (Oxon), F. R. S., &c., &c. Churchill.

IN the latter days of a long and distinguished career Sir John Forbes, a practical physician who has exercised no little influence upon the literature of his profession, writes this book to warn young practitioners against excessive faith in drugs. The natural end of the majority of disorders is recovery; we combine habitually drugging with disease, attribute the recovery of health to the drugs, and never get the opportunity of learning (except when as homœopaths we do nothing) in how many cases nature gets rid of disease without the help of doctor or druggist. That such cases are numerous we know by what is called the success of homœopathic treatment, and we have other reasons for coming to the same conclusion.

"In the early life of most nations, religion and physic have gone together, both being equally practised by the priests or cunning men or conjurers, the spiritual guides of the vulgar. This was the case with the ancient Egyptians, with the Britons, and the North American Indians; and was, indeed, the case with the Christian nations of Europe in the early ages.

"Next to the spiritual doctors in practice come the old women, who even now, in civilized countries, have no slight occupation in this way among the humbler classes of all countries.

"Among some savages, as the natives of the Tonga Islands, according to Mariner, no internal remedies are used, but merely external and chiefly surgical means, their whole medical treatment consisting of invocations and sacrifices to their deities. Here, at least, we may safely take the results as Nature's, whatever they may be; and we are assured that if often unfavorable, they were also not seldom the contrary.

"Among the sacrifices intended to procure relief from disease, some were curiously impersonal: in the case of a middling great man, a finger or two would be amputated from one of their dependants; but for a chieftain nothing less would suffice than the strangling of a child.

"In many parts of Africa, witchcraft is

believed to play the most extensive part, both in causing and in curing diseases; and it is at least certain, that under its ministration they come and they go, as elsewhere; the *post-hoc-ergo* mode of reasoning being as much in vogue here as in the medicine of civilized countries.

"We are told by Tavernier of a mode of expelling diseases practised by the wise women of Circassia, almost as vicarious as the Tonga practice, and it is allowed to be equally effective. 'Elles tâtent d'abord le corps du malade, et principalement la partie qui lui fait mal, elles la manient et la foulent plusieurs fois, pendant quoi elles laissent aller des rots de leur bouche, et plus la douleur du malade est grande, plus ces femmes-la font de gros rots.' The patients and public, of course, believes that the efficacy of the remedy (*rots*) is in proportion to its force.

"The *Saphias* or charms used by the Africans are equally efficacious. One popular form of these, mentioned and prescribed by Mungo Park, consists in writing the charm on a board, and drinking the matter of the words when it has been carefully washed off; a mode of practice very analogous to and, we doubt not, as efficacious as that of the Homœopathists, who, in point of fact, if they adhere rigidly to the original Habnemannian dose, do literally prescribe words and not things.

"A peculiar mode of curing the ague, we are told by Hasselquist, existed in the Morea in his time, which, though very comfortable to the patient, must be very obnoxious to the horticulturists of the country where it is much practised: the patient has merely to lean against a peach-tree during the fit; the ague is cured, but the tree is killed! This the author reports on the authority of an eye-witness!

"But besides these supernatural interferences of savage nations with the workings of Nature, the great majority of them employ more formal remedies, consisting principally of their own indigenous plants in the form of powder, infusion, or decoction. Some of these have, no doubt, a certain degree of power to act on the functions of the healthy body, and may, therefore, be capable of modifying them when disordered; but the great majority of them have no such power, and consequently cannot possess any special virtue in mitigating or curing diseases. This might be reasonably inferred from the simple fact of the remedies almost invariably consisting of the indigenous plants of the particular locality. For, if we admitted the validity of such a source of remedies generally, we might at once include in the category of drugs almost all the vegetable productions on the surface of the globe. Dr.

Bowdich names no fewer than thirty-seven native plants used as drugs by the people of Ashantee alone—nearly the whole of them being destitute of medicinal properties."

The argument founded upon such considerations is not against the scientific, but against the traditional or superstitious use of medicine. Dr. Forbes looks forward to a time when physicians may be more prized by the public for their power of showing how to prevent sickness than for skill in its cure. But for its cure they have power in some cases to stop the quick and fatal march of terrible diseases, and in all cases a power of intelligent watchfulness and rational expectation, which enables them to look on quietly while nature works, and interfere only when there is manifest departure from the tendency towards recovery. There is nothing new in this system of "rational expectation." In some form or another it is enforced more or less, not by Dr. Forbes only, but by most of the eminent men in the profession.

"It will be seen that the system of treatment which I here advocate, more especially in acute diseases, and which my own observation and experience have long led me to prefer, is exactly that followed and recommended by the celebrated Stahl, a century and a half ago, in his admirable work entitled '*Ars sanandi cum Expectatione opposita Arti curandi nudâ Expectatione.*' This work was written to correct the errors fallen into by our countryman, Gideon Harvey, in his treatise on the same subject and with nearly the same title; and points out, in an admirable manner, the nearly equal but opposite evils derived from the system of doing nothing, and from the system of doing too much. Between these extremes he seeks to interpose the truly philosophical and rational system which is here advocated, and which he variously terms *Expectatio artificiosa*, *Expectatio circumspecta*, *ars cum recta ratione Expectandi*, in opposition to the pure or naked, do-nothing expectationism then prevalent, and satirised by Harvey. 'True medical or artistic Expectation' (says Stahl) is that which, while carefully observing and watching the salutary operations of nature, is content to do so without offering assistance where it is not needed, or limiting this assistance to the giving of prudent counsel, such as recommending to the sick temperance and patience; yet, in the proper place, recognizing not merely the propriety but the necessity of artificial interference, and yielding it accordingly; still, however, in every case, having due regard to the proceedings and

co-operation of nature, according to reason and approved experience.'

"As to the *methodus medendi* or indication of treatment to be followed (he says, in another place), it is clear that it must have reference to the disease itself, and not to drugs or other remedies. The first consideration is—Is it necessary to prescribe a remedy at all? If so, we have then to consider not so much what remedy is best, as what effect is desired? and this is to be sought for not on pharmaceutical but pathological grounds. We are to judge, according to the peculiar character of the disease, when and in what order the operation indicated is to be instituted; and then, and not till then, it is time to look about for the instrument with which we are to work."

We believe that if this book were read widely by the public it might tend to a great diminution in the use of drugs, and so be of material aid in the amendment of the public health.

#### FURTHER PROGRESS OF THE POST-OFFICE.

THE latest annual report of the Postmaster-General continues, like its predecessors, to be exceptional, showing to us an immense amount of work done by a public department, not in tardy compliance with public demands, but in anticipation of them. There is a constant succession of improvements, too numerous to particularize. The sorting of the country letters before they leave town; the great acceleration of deliveries; the facilities afforded to the public in the posting of their letters, in the stamping of them, the direction, &c.; in the dispatch of books and parcels; the immense development of the Money Order Office; the penetration of the system to secluded districts,—these are only some of the items which show the constantly increasing service performed by the Post-office for the community. The revenue has increased largely; but it would be an excessive miscalculation to reckon the profit to the country exclusively by the amount of revenue—that would be a totally inadequate standard. While the state is drawing an actual revenue from the money received for the transmission of letters, journals, books, parcels, the community enjoys the performance of an important service at an excessively low cost, with a certainty unparalleled in any other part of the world, and with consequences social

and commercial that cannot be measured by millions of pounds sterling.

Lord Palmerston was justified when he persisted in retaining the head of so important a department among the Cabinet Ministers; although we may remark, that this striking development of the department, this remarkable instance of public efficiency, is due to a proper choice of men for the working places in the establishment, more than to the official head. A man has been placed in the department whose whole heart was thrown into the labor of making the Post-office do what a post-office was capable of accomplishing. The department \* has become the most perfect example of practical government in this country, or in any other. It unites the greatest amount of efficiency, such as is assured by a highly centralized system of administration, with the honest and genuine service of the people. It is the servant of the commonwealth, the type of a public office. It not only fulfils the service, but it has a tangible influence in training the public to use its machinery. Thus, the community is gradually educated to employ the system of initials, which allows the district-distribution of letters in the metropolis to be greatly expedited. The pains-taking in the issue of explanatory notices has taught the public to use the other facilities, of early deliveries, parcels-distribution, &c.; with a right appreciation of the convenience obtained. Pains-taking explanations embodied on the very text of the money-order have assisted the public in avoiding mistakes, saving to the individual great inconvenience, to the state much discredit. If the department is balked in any one of these improvements, it is by a want of the same pains-taking and efficiency in other departments. For instance, a host of mistakes arise from the identity of names for the different streets in London; a defect which could be cured with comparative facility if the Board of Public Works were really efficient, or if the Minister of Public Works were endowed with sufficient authority. But at present the Post-office remains almost alone as a type of truly complete government.

This is done without any sacrifice of interests for those who are engaged in the

\* [This is not the Post-Office Department of the United States, which is an example in the opposite direction.—*Living Age*.]



department. It would appear that the condition of all the servants is very generally improved. It is conspicuously so in two instances. Facilities have been afforded to the servants in the Post-office for insuring their lives; and an address to the Postmaster-General, published in this report, shows that they appreciate an economical mode of providing for their families. The centralization of a large department renders it extremely easy to obtain the highest medical assistance; and accordingly, a public officer gives medical advice and aid at the chief office, or when necessary at the home of the Post-office servant. The principle of efficient government therefore regulates the wellbeing of the department as a family. The public obtains a direct return in a singularly high degree of zeal among the officers; and in acknowledging that spirit, the Postmaster-General gives an example of it which may stand among the stories of heroic deeds. When the Violet steamer was wrecked, and all hands on board were lost, Mr. Mortleman, the officer in charge of the mail-bags, seeing that the steamer could not be saved, so placed the bags "that when the vessel went down they might float; a proceeding which ultimately led to the recovery of all the bags except one containing dispatches, of which, from their nature, it was possible to obtain copies." Care for a service, for the good of others, at a time when life is hopeless and the zeal can only be required by its motive, is the very essence of heroism.—*Spectator*, 25 April.

#### MARITIME WAR: POSSIBLE ACCEPTANCE OF THE AMERICAN PROPOSITION.

MR. MARCY prepared a noose, and we have no guarantee that the British Lion is not going to thrust his tame head into it. The fact was brought out in the Income-tax debate of Tuesday night. We need only refer our readers to our own columns for the state of the case. When the resolution of the Paris Conference, that the goods of a belligerent should be safe in neutral vessels and the goods of a neutral safe wheresoever, was communicated to the United States, Mr. Secretary Marcy responded by a counter proposal going beyond the resolution of Conference, for he suggested that all merchant property afloat should be free from capture

even in war-time. When the American proposal first came over, we pointed out its exceeding inexpediency. We showed that it would render war a duel between governments, while it would exempt nations from those liabilities which constitute the true check upon governments. Let us see how that would be in the case of the United States.

The citizens are not the most peaceful people in the world. They would make war upon every empire, kingdom, county, city, or even person, who did not succumb to the supremacy of the star-spangled banner. But there has been one consideration which has somewhat restrained them. They are, in a maritime sense, persons who live in a great glass house: they have enormous property afloat, rivalling our own in extent; while, notwithstanding the capacity which they have for war both by land and sea, their armed marine is very limited in extent. While they observe neutrality, abstaining in the main from the conflicts of the world, they need only such a marine as would be purely defensive at points of attack; and from the nature of their empire-republic they are not very likely to be attacked. If England were to attack them, they could retaliate on British possessions. The only field on which they could really meet them is that of the ocean, where we possess at once the greatest means of offence and the largest responsibilities. At present, therefore, we are in the position to make the attack most effective, while, from our institutions and our liabilities, we are the most likely to exercise a prudential reserve. Exempt their mercantile marine, and the whole reason for their reserve ceases. Every war-ship will carry its own commission to do what it chooses; the responsibilities falling nowhere else. Even if we were to retaliate for aggression by attacking the Union, the Union, as Lord John Russell said on Monday, could retaliate in return by marching an army across the frontier to Canada, or in other ways disturbing our tenure. Mr. Secretary Marcy proposes a bargain all on one side.

Now this is a proposal which should be settled in a conference of ten or a dozen gentlemen representing ten or a dozen bureaux under the Government in each of the European capitals. Whichever way we determine, we, who have the greatest inter-



ests at stake, should be allowed ample discussion of the pros and cons. We, a commercial people, know well that one hold of the people upon the government is the dislike of the people to pay taxes; and one mode of rendering the American Government not actually hostile to the British Government is secured by the dislike of the Americans to lose their property or to pay for the consequences of quarrel. Let us consider well the effect of relinquishing that great moral hold.

Alarmed by hints of sympathy from Lord Palmerston for the Peace doctrines of Mr. Cobden in this respect, Lord John Russell asked for information. He got it, though

not in the most satisfactory shape. Sir George Cornwall Lewis stated that "to this proposition," from Mr. Marcy, "no answer has been made." "It is under the serious consideration of the Government, who are fully aware of its importance; and they will not come to any conclusion on the matter without a full consideration of all the interests involved in it." "Consideration" is an awful word in official lips; and in this case it does not guarantee to us any other than an official consideration. Now what we demand, before any concession be made, is a deliberate and public consideration.—*Spectator*, 14 March.

**JEWISH LITERATURE:** an Historical Essay from the German of M. Steinschneider. Revised throughout by the author.—This survey of Jewish literature, from the cessation of the inspired writers to the last century, was originally written for a German encyclopædia. The limited space allotted to the writer, (which, however he considerably exceeded,) and the rich materials the Bodleian Library opened to him, have induced a revision and extension of the original essay. It combines the catalogue raisonné with the "article." The book is classed into three divisions: 1. from the time of Ezra till the Arabian philosophy began to be felt, and the Jewish mind to be connected with mediæval Europe; 2. till the expulsion of the Jews from Spain and the invention of printing; 3. to the time of Mendelssohn and the commencement of German philosophy. The different classes of literature that appeared during the time of each division are presented under it. A general criticism, often running into vagueness, and dealing rather with Jewish characteristics and objects than with the merits of the works in reference to the progress of universal literature or literary merits, opens each branch of the survey, and is followed by an enumeration of books and authors. The most important question connected with the subject is, in what degree the Jewish writers have contributed to the advance of the human mind by original knowledge, discoveries in science, or the production of a new class of literature. A satisfactory reply to these points will not be obtained from this book; partly perhaps from the extent and difficulty of the subject, and partly from the fact that the author's purpose was not to solve this problem. Except in travels during the dark and middle ages, we believe the contributions of the Jews to original and pro-

gressive literature were nil. Their light went out with the captivity.—*Spectator*.

**SAYINGS ABOUT THE WEATHER.**—The Worcestershire, Norfolk, and Dorset saw, about a "Saturday's moon" and its evil portents, is quite current *here*, with a slight variation from the forms already recorded: it is as follows:

"Saturday's mune an' Sunday's prime,  
Ane is aneugh in seven years' time."

Of course, a Saturday's "mune" means change of moon on that day, and this homely distich shows how dreaded such an event was, and in fact is, by our rural wiseacres and weather prophets, as it was thought to have come often enough if once in *seven years*. I do not know if it is common all over Scotland; but the extent to which, even (what are commonly called) educated people believe in the moon's influence on the weather's changes hereabouts would not be believed by strangers. I have often tried to get some of our weatherwise rustics to explain to me how the same moon can cause such various weather as the telegraph informs us it does at one and the same time over England, and Scotland, and even in neighboring Scotch counties, but I could see that the mere hint of disbelief, on so *serious* and *well ascertained* a subject was to put myself down as a sheer atheist in their idea.—*Notes and Queries*.

**JEWISH VERSIONS OF THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES.**—There is a "Jewish School and Family Bible," lately translated by Dr. A. Benisch, "under the supervision of the Reverend the Chief Rabbi," and published by Darling, 81 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is published in parts; the first part consisting of the Pentateuch.—*Notes and Queries*.

From Household Words.

## A VISION OF A STUDIOUS MAN.

LONG ago—how many years since I do not like to think of, but it was when I was a young man and just beginning the world—I took delight in being a book-fancier; not a bibliomaniac, as the profane have it, but an ardent, eager bibliophilist, gathering together volumes from the ends of the earth. The famous collection at Donninghurst attests pretty well the extent of my labors in this vineyard. Arrayed in snowy vellum raiment, or in old tooled calf, or, better still, in ancient French morocco, they line these shelves of mine in the oak room, and are still the admiration—perhaps the envy—of the curious. Now that the fit has passed from me,—I look on them as so many memorials of an old folly, and find myself gazing at them curiously, as a lover might do at the faded writings of an unworthy mistress. How I came to forswear this seductive pursuit and flee for ever from the temples of Christie, and Sotheby, and such famous brethren of the hammer, I will now try and set forth, as some entertainment for this passing hour.

When I first went down to Donninghurst, which was just after leaving Oxford, this book-fever as it may be called, was very strong upon me, and I took exceeding delight in arranging and cataloguing the contents of certain great chests which had come down to me from London. And now, before going further, I may say a word concerning Donninghurst itself. It was nothing more than a small village—a quiet, retired, innocent little village of the Auburn kind, lying in a sheltered valley far from the busy hum of men. To look down from the brow of the hill upon the ancient church disguised in ivy, green and brown; upon the little bridge over the brook which divided the village; upon the noisy water-mill, the tiers of snowy cottages sloping down to the water's edge; this was pleasant and fit recreation for any contemplative man, and was as fair a prospect as could be seen upon a long summer's day.

Naturally enough, I had a great liking for Donninghurst, and were it not for the utter dearth of all congenial society—that is, of bibliophilist brethren—I should have pitched my tent there for good and all. True, there was the parson, who is traditionally supposed to be ardent in such matters, but who in our

instance happened unfortunately to be a placid easy man, full of soft words, and with little scholarship beyond his Bible; in short, a smooth shaven respectability, as Mr. Carlyle would phrase it. I did not, therefore, grieve very much when I heard, on my second visit, that this reverend person had passed away to a brighter sphere—to a wealthier parish, that is—and that Doctor Erasmus Ashmole, F.R.S., F.S.A., Corres. Mem., &c., &c., had been appointed in his place. This was joyful news for me. In those mystic characters I saw wondrous visions shadowed forth: long Attic nights, earnest disputations, eager criticism, unique and matchless exemplars. Soon my card found its way to the vicarage, and within a very brief span I found myself in the full enjoyment of his friendship. I found him a fierce rude scholar of the true Bentley school—a man that called you Sir in loud tones, after the Johnsonian manner—with a way of beating the table savagely in the warmth of argument. All the golden visions I had read in the cabalistic letters were realized to the full. He had brought down a matchless collection—whole regiments of Editions Principes; camel-loads of Fathers, clean and unsullied with virgin pages; Bellandists, Variorums, Aldines, all in superb condition and original bindings. Elzevirs, too, were there, not to speak of Plantins, Jansens, Baskervilles, Tonsons and other famous Imprinters. There were also strange black-letter volumes—creatures in ponderous oak covers, with rude metal fittings. And, last of all, he had brought down with him an exquisite copy from Nature's own press, printed in the fairest characters, one unique and beyond all price; in short no other than his own fair daughter, sweet Miss Lizzie Ashmole.

She was a bright little creature, with a beaming face and dark brilliant eyes, with arched pencilled eyebrows and soft wavy hair worn à la Grecque, which I was told fell nearly to her feet. Indeed, the other day, when I went to see a famous Little Lady at one of our great theatres, I was perfectly startled at the likeness. No wonder, then, that Doctor Erasmus loved her, if any thing, better than his books. From long habit, too, she had caught up some, odds and ends of bibliographical doctrine, upon which she used to discourse very gracefully;

and it was very pleasant to see her striving hard to feel due reverence for the dusty inhabitants of the doctor's study. She had, besides, a tinge of romanticism, very refreshing in these flinty days of ours, and was filled with a kind of buoyant earnest faith, which she was not long in communicating to others—delighting, moreover, in rehearsing ghostly narrative, and spectral appearances. This she did so prettily, and so mysteriously, that I, before a scoffer and unbeliever, came at last to feel uneasy of nights, and rather shrank from the idea of going up stairs in the dark.

In short, to this complexion it came at last, as indeed was only to be expected—that the Attic nights with the doctor grew to be insufferably dull, and the doctor himself, and the Johnsonian manner something of a bore. I soon began to see a deal of truth in that passage of the ingenious Mr. Little, where he informs us that his only books were woman's looks. What if he had seen the precious little volume always open before me, and which I took such wondrous delight in perusing! I felt the Poisoned Arrow with the Golden Shaft smarting more keenly every day. In brief, I found myself one morning asking the Reverend Erasmus for a few moments' private conversation, at the conclusion of which I received a paternal accolade and numberless benedictions. Then was sweet Lizzie sent for, who came in blushing most bewitchingly, as though she had a faint suspicion of what was going on. After a month's interval, during which time I conceived an utter disgust for all things of leaves and parchment, the usual ceremony took place, and the happy pair departed for London en route to foreign parts, as was only proper.

During the happy days that followed, I never once thought of Elzevir or Aldine—never felt the least yearning towards my old objects of affection, until—yes, until we came to the ancient city of Bruges. No human virtue could have withstood that seductive town. We had been admiring its halls, churches, paintings, carvings, bits of Gothic, all day long, and were returning pretty well tired to our hostelry, when we suddenly found ourselves before one of those picturesque little alleys wherein this city abounds. "O!" said sweet Lizzie, "how like a Turkish bazaar! We must walk

down—just once." With a gentle remonstrance, as though I had a presentiment of what was impending, I suffered myself to be led into the fatal street, and was utterly ravished, as the French say, with all I saw. Dark monstrosities carved out of oak, ancient china, arquebuses, vestiments of rich stuffs, silver statues, bits of stained glass, and Heaven knows what besides, were gathered there, tempting sweet Lizzie to the very verge of distraction. While I—my hour had come at last—was irresistibly drawn to some quaint shelves crowded with old tomes in the livery that was so familiar to me. With the first glance I saw they were of a superior order, doubtless noble exiles from some rich library in the Faubourg, bearing on their backs the insignia of their haughty masters. I took one in my hand, and, as I did so, felt a queer sensation coming over me. They were bound in that famous old red morocco; and there was, besides, a second series arrayed in rich mottled calf—altogether a very choice and tempting lot. I was back under the old dominion in a moment.

"Look here, sweet Lizzie," I said, "did you ever see such a treasure?"

"Yes," said Lizzie, smiling; "very nice indeed"—she was at that moment studying an old Spanish rosary, thinking what a rare armlet it would make.

"Look," continued I, in a perfect transport—"such a superb piece of mottled calf; veined and freckled like a bit of jasper!"

"It is very pretty," said poor Lizzie, trying hard to admire it; "won't you buy it?"

Buy it! I hesitated—not for the price, which was scarcely a hundred francs or so, but because I knew how much depended on that moment. A look at the old red morocco decided me, and I was back again under the thralldom of the Book Demon.

The next day was spent in diligent investigation of my new-found prizes, and all their beauties were dwelt on pitilessly for the behoof of poor Lizzie. The day after, we were to have commenced our journey home, but it occurred to me that there were some famous libraries at Ghent, scarce an hour's travel from Bruges. It would be a positive sin to leave these unexplored; such an opportunity might never occur again. At Ghent, as everybody knows, are tempta-

tions enough for the book-gatherer; and from that city I returned very late at night, with a small sack filled with marvels of type and binding. Poor Lizzie, who had been sitting up for hours expecting me, looked ruefully at these trophies as I tumbled them out on the carpet before her. She was very tired, she said, and had passed a very weary day. What could have kept me? "There is type! There's margin!" I said, opening one wide. "I tell you what, sweet Lizzie; I have a rare scheme in my head—I planned it as I came along. Suppose we go back to Brussels; I hear there are things to be had there literally for a song. We might stay—let me see—a fortnight, whilst I rummage the great libraries. What say you, Lizzie?"

This was too much. I saw her bright little face suffused suddenly with a deeper crimson. How could I be so cruel to her! Especially when I knew she was dying to get home to her poor father. But she had been warned of this long, long ago. She ought to have taken advice. She knew, that, in my heart, I preferred those horrid books to her and every thing else in the world.

Good Heavens! here was a burst! I was astonished and indignant. But the fact was, women were so unreasonable, so very unreasonable. I must make allowance for that. Still, I did not like this trait in sweet Lizzie's character; I would speak to her seriously when we got home. And so, with a pitying smile, I said it was no matter; I would make any sacrifice for peace and quiet. The next day I suffered myself to be led away, out of Belgium, home again to London.

There, in sight of all my favorite haunts, the old fever came upon me with tenfold vigor. I was welcomed once more at Christie's and Sotheby's, and passed hours and days in their famous temples; while sweet Lizzie pined and languished at home utterly neglected. And such was the strange blindness over me, I could see none of this, but wondered, and sulked, and fell back on my old complaint of women being so unreasonable. Not a little of our money, too, was going in this wild fashion, in spite of imploring looks and gentle remonstrances from Lizzie. But I only held this for more of woman's folly; and, wrapped up in this

selfish doctrine, I saw her cheeks fade and her light spirits sink without setting it down to any cause but whim and caprice. Ah! a cloud settles down upon me as I think over those days and my own stupid blindness—sacrificing living affection, truth, and love, on the altars of these cold paper gods!

So it went on for some ten months, when news came that the Reverend Erasmus had been suddenly called away to his last account when sitting in his study chair. This was a sore trial to Lizzie, who loved her father dearly. She grieved very much, and said, what should she do now that her only friend in the world was gone. At this epoch I felt a twinge of remorse, and for the next few days was so devoted and attentive, that I saw the roses coming back to her cheeks, and the old bright look into her eyes once more. But my enemies were still in wait for me. Had not Doctor Erasmus left me the rare and valuable library at Donninghurst, as one who would take care of it and keep it together for his sake? I was burning to get down and explore its treasures; and, after many faint struggles, fell back under the old yoke.

It was just coming on to the winter of that same year, a very raw unpromising season I well recollect, when I received one morning, with Messrs. Sotheby's respects, a catalogue of the extensive library of a distinguished person, lately deceased, which was about to be submitted to public competition. Glancing down its long files of names, my eye lit upon a work I had long sought and yearned for, and which, in utter despair, I had set down as *introuvable*. This coveted lot was no other than the famed Nuremberg Chronicle, printed in black-letter, and adorned with curious and primitive cuts. At different times, some stray copies had been offered to me, but these were decayed, maimed, cut-down specimens, very different from the one now before me, which, in the glowing language of the catalogue, was a "Choice, clean copy, in admirable condition.—Antique—richly embossed binding, and metal clasps.—A unique and matchless impression." So it was undoubtedly. For the next few days I had no other thought but that one. I discoursed Nuremberg Chronicle; I ate, drank, and inhaled nothing but Nuremberg Chronicle. I dropped in at

stray hours to look after its safety, and glared savagely at other parties who were turning over its leaves. Poor little Lizzie complained of being unwell, and lay all day upon the sofa; but what were such trifles compared with the well-being of the Chronicle? So I implored her to be careful of herself, and hurried away to watch over the precious treasure. What a change was here! And yet, not so long since, to save her a moment's pain I would gladly have made a huge pyre of all the black-letter rarities ever printed. But that was in the sunny days, when we lived at Donninghurst; she was very different then! So said I, shaking my head wisely, and hugging myself in my own folly.

The sale was to take place in about a week's time; and this particular lot was expected to come on about two o'clock, or thereabouts. All that morning I was very nervous and fidgety, and thought the hour would never draw near.

I had thirty pounds in clean crisp notes laid providently by for such an emergency. Such a sum, I calculated, would be more than sufficient to secure the prize, though I was aware that at the Fonthill and other great sales copies had fetched considerably more. My coffers at this period were at a very low ebb; I had been indulging this wild taste to an extravagant degree, giving fancy prices whenever required; and there were to be seen in our hall significant groups of dissatisfied claimants, who were only to be got away with lame excuses and abundant promises. Still, I had contrived to gather together these thirty pounds, which had lain perdu in my drawer until such an occasion as the present. It had now got on to one o'clock, and I was thinking it was full time to be setting out, when my agent from the country was announced. Was ever any thing more unfortunate? Still he had business, business not to be deferred; and besides, had to leave town that evening; so I had to sit patiently and hear him out. When he had departed, and I was just getting my hat and gloves, down came an express from Lizzie, begging to see me before I went out, just for one moment. It was out of the question, I said; utterly out of the question. I would be too late as it was; she must wait till I come back. Here the Abigail, who bore the message, putting on a

mysterious manner, began to hint darkly concerning her mistress' health—that she had been ailing these few days back, and must be treated gently. Muttering certain ejaculations, I bounded up the stairs, and rushed violently into the drawing-room, where Lizzie was still lying upon her sofa. “Well, what is it?” said I, impatiently; “I am in a hurry.”

“O,” said Lizzie, in her gentle way, “do come and sit down beside me; I want to speak to you very much—that is, to ask a great favor.”

“Is the child mad?” I said, very roughly I fear. “I tell you I haven't a moment to spare; can't you say it out at once?”

Poor Lizzie sighed. “Well, then,” she said, “you'll promise me not to be angry?”

“No, no,” said I, stamping, “do be quick.”

“Well,” said she, taking out a little bit of paper from behind the cushion, “here is Madame Dupont been writing me a most impertinent letter, and——”

“What have I to do with Madame Dupont?” I interrupted; “who is she?”

“Don't you know?—the milliner,” said Lizzie; “and now I want you, like a good dear, to give me the money for her—only twenty pounds; only to pay her and have done with her.”

She said this so prettily, with that little earnest manner of hers, that my heart smote me; and, for a moment she and the famous Chronicle were balancing each other in the scales. It was only for a moment. Ah, the choice copy! the rich embossed binding and clasps! It was not to be thought of!

“No, Lizzie, I have no money to spare at present; we must try and put off Madame Dupont.”

“Well, ten pounds; only ten!”

“Impossible.”

“What,” said Lizzie, with a little sigh, “couldn't you spare me that much out of all I saw in your desk yesterday?”

I blushed scarlet, not from shame, but from rage at being detected. “A spy!” I exclaimed, in a perfect fury; “a spy upon my actions! I hate such mean tricks. But,” I added, turning sharp upon her with a feeling that I must put a stop to this work, “I won't tolerate this interference; I'm not to be brought to an account for the little money I lay out on myself. Such low, mean prying!



But money must be had for all your finery—of course, of course,” and more to the same effect, which it chills my very heart to dwell on now. My only hope and consolation is that I was beside myself all that time. Poor Lizzie listened to me, perfectly overwhelmed, and trembling like an aspen leaf. She never answered me, but sank down upon the sofa without a word. I left her, thinking I had given a wholesome lesson, and walked out of the house in a proper state of indignation.

But the Chronicle—the famous Chronicle. I had utterly forgotten it. I felt a cold thrill all over me as I took out my watch. Just two o'clock. I flew into a cab, and set off at a headlong pace for Sotheby's. But my fatal presentiment was to be verified. It was over; I was too late. The great Chronicle, the choice, the beautiful, the unique, had passed from me forever, and beyond recall; and, as I afterwards learned, for the ridiculous sum of nineteen pounds odd shillings.

And who was I to thank for this—this cruel prostration of all my hopes? Here was the prize torn from me, lost by a minute's delay, and all for a woman's absurd whim and caprice. By Heaven, it was enough to drive me distracted. But no matter; when I got home I would give her a piece of my mind. I would be master in my own house. Lashing myself thus into a rage, I strode moodily into the house, and made my way straight to the drawing-room. There I burst into a catalogue of all my griefs, mingled with a torrent of reproaches. She had ruined me—such an opportunity would never come again; I never would forget it to her. But let her take warning in time. I would put up with this kind of interference no longer. Poor Lizzie listened first with astonishment, but, as she began to understand me, I saw her bright eyes flashing in a way I had never seen before. “And so,” she said, her voice trembling with excitement, “this was why you refused me the little sum I asked. For shame! I could not have believed you so cruel—yes, so selfish. But I ought to have known this before; kind friends told me that this would come to pass—that you would sacrifice me to this wretched passion.”

Again my heart smote me, and I felt a longing to sink down before her and beg for-

giveness; but at the same instant I heard something whispering secretly in my ear that she it was who had lost me my precious treasure. On this I froze again in a moment. What right had she to hold this tone to me? I asked. I was sickened and repelled, I said, with her coldness and want of interest in all that concerned me. Then Lizzie, raising herself up from her sofa, and her eyes flashing more than ever, said she would speak now, for my sake as well as her own: that as to my unkindness and neglect, that was not so much matter—she would try and bear it—she would get accustomed to it, she supposed; but that I was fast ruining myself, making myself a laughing-stock—yes, a laughing-stock—to every one. It was a pity we had ever come together.

“Yes,” I said, bitterly, “it was a pity, a great pity, I did not meet one more suited to my tastes—one that might have made some allowance, at least, for any old habits and associations. But it was no use talking about it now; it was too late.” With that I hastily turned away; and, feeling that I had been aggrieved, retreated to my study, full of bitterness and disappointment. Was there ever anything so unreasonable? And, instead of showing some sorrow for causing me such a disappointment, to turn round and beard me in this manner. A laughing-stock! Those words grated unpleasantly on my ear, as I thought them over. I felt an envenomed sensation against poor Lizzie, which I cannot describe.

And how long was this to go on? (I put this question to myself, sitting among the dark gloomy shadows of my study.) Were all my studies to be broken in upon with cold looks and harsh words? Was I to have my chief hope and comfort in life embittered? An idea struck me. In a day or so I should have to go down to Donninghurst on business. Suppose I went that very evening instead? I would be there in an hour or so, and could return to-morrow if it suited me. Here was a ready means of release offered me. I could withdraw myself for a little from London, which I had begun to hate, and from home, which was growing distasteful to me. It would be a pleasant change of scene; and I felt, besides, a craving for solitude and the companionship of my books. I longed for a quiet evening in my little study, many miles

removed from unkindness and domestic bickerings. So all these things then appeared to my distorted vision.

It seemed a rare scheme; and so I lost no time in executing it. I packed up a few things, and telling Lizzie, coldly enough, that I would most likely return early in the morning departed by that night's train.

About seven o'clock that evening we came rolling into Donninghurst. It was a raw, bleak night, with a harsh, black frost abroad;—not your true, genial, inspiring weather, covering the ground with crisp snow, and making the cheeks tingle,—but a dark, lowering atmosphere, very dispiriting and oppressive. Therefore it was that I felt very uncomfortable and out of sorts as I stood in the cold, comfortless study, watching the slow process of kindling a fire. No one had expected me on such a night—naturally enough—so I found everything cold and desolate. There was an ancient retainer always left in charge of the house, whom I took a dismal pleasure in likening to Caleb Balderstone, in the novel. His queer ways and curious make-shifts in providing for the emergency, were so many occasions of identifying myself with the unhappy Master of Ravenswood and his follower. At last a fire was lighted, and I settled myself down for the night. What should I have done, I said, looking round affectionately on the shelves. Old Fuller?—None better—Old Fuller, by all means. I got him down reverently and cleared the dust from him gently. I was going to have a night of enjoyment.

When he was properly bestowed upon the oaken reading-desk, and the lamp had been turned up to the full, and one last poke given to the fire, I felt that I had all the elements of a studios night to hand, and that I ought to be exceedingly pleasant and comfortable. Yet somehow Good Old Fuller seemed to me not quite so racy that night. I felt inexpressibly lonely, and every now and again I heard the wind, which had begun to rise, coming round the corner with a low moan, which gave me a very dismal feeling. Do as I would, I could not shut out Caleb Balderstone. Then, too, I found my eyes were perpetually wandering from Good Old Fuller to the coals, where I would discover all manner of distracting visions.

It certainly was a noble edition—that

Chronicle, said I, reverting to the events of the day—a noble one truly. O how could she have let me miss it! And yet who knows? I might fall in with another copy some of these days! But then she had no need to speak to me in that way—to ridicule me—to reproach me. No matter about that now—to business—With that, I came back again to old Fuller—for about a page and a half of him—as it might be. It was very singular. I could not lay myself down to work. I grew annoyed—vexed. Impatiently I pushed the Ancient Worthy far from me, and leaning back in my chair fell to studying the fire once more—watching the wreaths of smoke curling upwards—every now and then taking the shape of a bright, gentle little face that seemed to look at me reproachfully.

Alone, here, in this desolate spot—alone with Old Fuller and his brethren. And these false slaves to whom I had bound myself, and sacrificed all, were now deserting me when I most needed their assistance. I likened them, bitterly, to the Familiars in the old Magic Legends who treacherously abandoned their masters in their greatest straits. And Lizzie (sweet Lizzie she was once!) all alone in the great London world, keeping her lonely vigil! Just then there came up before me, as it were, floating from the past, a vision of another time—not so long passed away—coming to me, as it were, in a flood of golden light, wherein Old Fuller appeared to shrivel up, and shrink away into a dry, sapless Ancient, as he was. It was on a clear moonlight night—I well recollected—with the ground all covered with snow, and I was coming out beneath the vicarage-porch, going home for that night—when she, sweet Lizzie, came out into the moonlight, and we lingered there for a few moments, looking round and admiring the scene. Such a soft tranquil night, with a bright glare shining forth from the midst of the dark mass rising behind us, showing where the Doctor was hard at work in his room. I often thought of that night after, and of the picture of Lizzie, as she stood there with her face upturned to the moon. Conjuring up this vision from the fire, and recalling her mournful, subdued face, as she lay upon the sofa, when I so abruptly quitted her, I felt a bitter pang of self-re-

proach, and found my repugnance for the cold, senseless creatures around me, increasing every instant.

After that there came a feeling over me that I had been sitting there for hours—for long weary hours, and that morning would never come. Suddenly it seemed to me that I heard the sounds of wheels outside on the gravel, with strange confusion as of many tongues, and that some one came rushing in hurriedly—seeking me—and telling me I must loose no time—not an instant. I knew by a kind of instinct what it was all about,—and why it was I was thus brought away.

There was a heavy load upon my heart, as of some evil impending, some dreadful blow about to fall. Then came the long, hurried journey through the dark night—the rattle over the pavement, and the flittering of lights past the window, as we drew near the noisy city. Then was I led up-stairs softly in a darkened room—the drawing-room, where were many people crowded together, and whispering. And there on the sofa, just as I had left her, I caught a dim vision of sweet Lizzie—very pale and sad—with the same gentle look of reproach. I heard the old soft voice, full of affectionate welcome and forgiveness, and then it seemed as though the Shadows were beginning to fall, and shut me out from her forever! With a wild cry I stretched forth my arms to the fading vision—and there was I back again in my old study at Donninghurst, with the fire sunk down in ashes and the lamp flickering uneasily on the verge of extinction, and great gaunt shadows starting up and down all round me on the wall. The scales had fallen from my eyes. The delusion had passed from me forever. Just then the vil-

lage clock began chiming out the hour—three quarters past eleven. I recollected there was a train to London at midnight, and in another instant I had fled from the house, and was rushing up the deserted street. There were scarcely any passengers—so late was the hour—and there was a lone deserted look over the vast station, very chilling and dispiriting to one in my mood—after what seemed a weary, never-ending journey, we reached London, and in ten minutes I was in my own house at the drawing-room door. She had not gone to bed; and, as I opened it softly, I saw her stretched upon where she had cried herself to sleep—just as I had seen her in my dream!

What a meeting followed on that waking, may be well imagined and need not be set down here. I never fell back into the old slavery. All my famous treasures were ruthlessly sent away into banishment down to Donninghurst, where they may now be seen. And, not very long after, I heard of another copy of the great Chronicle being in the market; but I heard it with the utmost placidity.

Thenceforth our lives ran on smoothly as a bright summer's day; and, as they tell of the good people in the story books, we lived happily together for ever after.

Forever after! It were better not to cast a shadow upon this vision of a poor lonely man, by dwelling on what befel me within a brief interval after that. I have not courage to say it now. So let those cheerful words stand, by way of an endearing fiction, to receive, as my only hope and comfort, their full enduring truth in the long hereafter of another world.

SONGS OF SUMMER. By Richard Henry Stoddard.—An importation from America. The poems are scarcely to be called songs; for some are tales, and others are rhapsodies on political or (as the writer may think) philosophical subjects. The bulk of the pieces are occasional; short enough for songs, though few are songs proper in the usual acceptation of the word.

There is nothing very lofty in Mr. Stoddard's muse, nor does he make any pretension to loftiness. There is freshness of treatment and style in the smaller pieces, not original, but imitating the last novelties of Tennyson, and a few American poets of no great mark but whose manner has not yet become trite. A conventional prettiness is what Mr. Stoddard generally attains, with occasionally something more than

prettiness in stanza. These, from a song, that recalls a poem of Holmes, are about the best in the volume.

“ I would recall my early dreams,

But they are dead to me;

As well with last year's withered buds

Reclothe a this year's tree:

It is not what I might have been,

But what I yet may be.

That thought alone avails me now,

And all regrets are vain:

They seem to bring a dreamy bliss,

But bring a certain pain:

To him who works, and only him,

The Past returns again.”

—Spectator.

From the Literary Gazette, 28 March.

THE REV. DR. SCORESBY, F. R. S.

A FEW weeks since we had to record the loss of one of the youngest and most enterprising of Arctic explorers, Dr. Kane, who, though an American, by his general coöperation in the search for Sir John Franklin, and as the last gold medallist of our Royal Geographical Society, will bear an honorable place in the records of English naval history. It is now our sad duty to report the death of one of the oldest veterans of Arctic enterprise, the Rev. Dr., formerly Captain, Scoresby, who died at Torquay, on the 21st instant, after a lingering illness. Few men of our time have been more respected, combining as he did scientific eminence with high moral worth, unaffected piety, and active benevolence.

William Scoresby was born at Whitby, in Yorkshire. He was trained for naval adventure in a good school. His father was one of the most daring and successful seamen in the northern whale fishery, when that service was among the chief sources of the commercial wealth of the nation, and one of the best nurseries for the British navy. Young Scoresby early accompanied his father in his voyages, and from his youth was inured to the hardships and perils of the Arctic seas. It was when he was chief mate of his father's ship, the *Resolution*, of Whitby, in 1806, that he sailed to the highest latitude then reached by navigators. On three occasions, in the month of May of that year, the *Resolution* was in  $80^{\circ} 50' 28''$ ,  $81^{\circ} 1' 53''$ , and  $81^{\circ} 12' 42''$ : and once the ship was as far north as  $81^{\circ} 30'$ , the nearest approach to the pole at that period authenticated. None of the earlier navigators had professed to have reached beyond  $81^{\circ}$  north latitude. Sir Edward Parry in his celebrated boat expedition, during his fourth voyage, in 1827, arrived at  $82^{\circ} 45'$ , the furthest point yet reached. Dr. Kane stands second in the record of adventurous efforts to reach the pole, but the Scoresbys have still the honor of having, with their ship in ordinary sailing, navigated the highest northern latitudes. Young Scoresby remained in the whaling service after his father's death, and he had performed voyages in twelve successive seasons when he published his account of "The Arctic Regions," one of the most interesting records of maritime adventure that has ever been

written. The work appeared in 1820, the year after Sir Edward, then Lieutenant, Parry, proceeded on his first Arctic voyage with the *Hecla* and *Griper*. Parry returned to this country in October, 1820, after wintering at Melville Island. His second voyage, with the *Fury* and *Hecla*, commenced in the summer of 1821. By this time Captain Scoresby's book had attracted new attention to the scene of Arctic enterprise. His narrative of early Arctic voyages, and of the progress of discovery, is one of the best popular accounts that have appeared on the subject; and the scientific details of the work, as well as the story of personal adventure, attest his admirable fitness for the service in which he had so long been engaged. The chapter on the Hydrography of the Greenland Seas was an important contribution to scientific and geographical knowledge; and the notices of the Meteorology and Natural History of the Arctic Regions have formed the basis of most of the subsequent researches in these departments. His definitions of the terms used by the whalers in describing the various forms of ice have been universally adopted in scientific treatises on the subject.

He was the first also to attempt scientific observations on the electricity of the atmosphere in high northern latitudes, and the results of his experiments, made with an insulated conductor, eight feet above the main top-gallant mast head, connected by a copper wire with a copper ball attached by a silk cord to the deck, are still regarded with interest from the novelty and ingenuity of the observations. Incidentally Captain Scoresby remarks that he had personally assisted at the capture of 320 whales of the species *Balæna mysticetus*. Not one of them, he believes, exceeded sixty feet in length; and the largest he ever actually measured was fifty-eight feet from one extremity to the other. The accounts of longer specimens he thinks are exaggerations, but the less valuable *Balæna physalis* of Linnæus, the razor-back of the whalers, often exceeds a hundred feet in length. In his whaling voyages Captain Scoresby was often in circumstances of extreme peril. One instance which he records, we mention, as exhibiting the personal energy of the man. It was in May, 1814, in the ship *Esk*, of Whitby, when a spacious opening of the ice, in latitude  $78^{\circ} 10'$ , longitude  $4^{\circ}$  east, tempted him to push in, from



the appearance of a great number of whales. The ship was soon fixed immovably in the ice. After great labor and frequent danger, many days being spent in sawing through the fixed floe, or forcing a passage through masses of ice, from which the vessel often received alarming shocks, open sea was descried, but with a barrier consisting of an immense pack right across the path.

"There was no alternative but forcing through it; we therefore pushed forward into the least connected part. By availing ourselves of every advantage of sailing, where sailing was practicable, and boring or drifting where the pieces of ice lay close together, we at length reached the leeward part of a narrow channel, in which we had to ply a considerable distance against the wind. When performing this, the wind, which had hitherto blown a brisk breeze from the north, increased to a strong gale. The ship was placed in such a critical situation that we could not, for above an hour, accomplish any reduction of the sails; and while I was personally engaged performing the duty of a pilot on the topmast-head, the bending of the mast was so uncommon that I was seriously alarmed for its stability." After some days of further peril, the ship was safely brought to the open sea.

To those who have read Captain Scoresby's book, or who knew him personally, we need scarcely add that on this and on all such occasions he was open in his devout gratitude to the Divine providence, which the most daring and skilful navigators have always been the most ready to acknowledge and express.

After his retirement from active service at sea, Captain Scoresby resolved to enter the church; and after holding appointments in less congenial localities, he found in the maritime town of Hull a sphere which afforded full scope for his benevolent efforts for the social and spiritual welfare of sailors. In his personal exertions and professional duties he was active and unwearied; and his published "Discourses to Seamen" exhibit the earnestness and kindness with which he labored in his new vocation for the good of the service in which he had passed his earlier years.

In the progress of Arctic exploration Dr. Scoresby continued to take the deepest interest. Although he had from the first thought

that the attempts to find a north-west passage to the Chinese seas were unprofitable for any political or commercial object, he considered that the scientific results justified all the risk and expense of the expeditions; while, even in regard to financial returns to the nation, the establishment of the Davis' Strait Whale fishery, and of the trade of the Hudson's Bay Company, had compensated for the expenditure of national money in the early voyages of discovery. We may remark here that Captain Scoresby's visit to the island of Jan Mayen afforded one of the most remarkable proofs of the existence of a communication between the Northern Sea and the Pacific Ocean. He found on the shores of that singular island, on which he landed, and which he partly explored, pieces of drift wood bored by a *pinus* or *pholas*. Neither of these animals ever pierce wood in Arctic countries, and hence he concluded that the worm-eaten drift had been borne by currents from a transpolar region. The notion of a constantly open polar sea Captain Scoresby always believed to be chimerical, and at that time none of the observations had been made which have since led to the renewal of a belief in its existence. In speaking of the island of Jan Mayen, he mentions, as a striking proof of the clearness of the atmosphere in these climates, that he saw the peak of Beerenberg, the height of which is 6780 feet above the level of the sea, at a distance, by observation, of between ninety-five and a hundred miles. He also noticed, when on the island, on a summit of a mountain 1500 feet in height, a magnificent crater, forming a basin of 500 to 600 feet in depth, and 600 to 700 yards in diameter, while jets of smoke, discharged at intervals of every three or four minutes, revealed the existence of unextinguished volcanic action.

The scientific career of Dr. Scoresby in the latter years of his life is well known to most of our readers. The "Edinburgh Philosophical Journal," and various scientific periodicals, were enriched by occasional contributions from his pen on a variety of subjects of natural history and meteorology. To the observation of magnetical phenomena he had long devoted his closest attention, and his "Magnetical Investigations," published at intervals from 1839 to 1843, and the concluding volume in 1848, contain a vast amount



of valuable materials for philosophical induction. His reports to the British Association, and his numerous observations on the influence of the iron of vessels on the compass, were connected with inquiries of the utmost practical importance to navigation. It was in prosecuting these researches, and with a view to determine various questions of magnetic science, that Dr. Scoresby undertook a voyage to Australia, from which he returned last year, with his constitution much enfee-

bled from the arduous labors to which he had subjected himself. His name will be ever remember with honor among those who, by their character and their services, have sustained the reputation and extended the influence of the British name by the peaceful triumphs of science and humanity.

Dr. Scoresby was a Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France.

**CALICO-PRINTING versus OPIUM.**—"As affecting ourselves, we mean British interests at large, inclusive of those of our empire in the East, the consequences of a relinquishment of the trade in opium with China, would be, in the first instance, an earnest endeavor to develop in a fuller degree the several elements of national wealth throughout the peninsula, from the Punjab to Pegu, and from the temperate flanks of the Himalaya to Cape Comorin. In five years, or less time, the Indian revenue would have recovered itself, and far more than recovered the momentary defalcation. But the second of these results of such a course would be a gradual and indefinite enlargement of the British commerce with China and the Eastern Islands. China even if it continued to consume opium, would obtain it at a fraction of the present cost; and its twenty millions of silver would be annually available for the purchase of commodities, which, instead of paralyzing the national industry, stimulate and feed it, and open before it new fields of gainful enterprise. Instances many and various in illustration of this assumption might be adduced: take one. Any one who may chance to have seen those samples of Chinese dyed woven fabrics which at different times have been exhibited in Manchester, will have gathered from these specimens two inferences; first, that from whatever causes, whether of climate, or of chemical intelligence, or of manipulative skill, the Chinese dyer is likely to beat us, perhaps always, in bringing out brilliant and deep-toned colors, the blues, the purples, the crimsons. But then the woven tissue to which these rich dyes are imparted are far outdone in evenness of thread and beauty of texture by the looms of Lancashire; our machinery does its office, both as spinner and as weaver, in a manner which defies rivalry. And although we do not reach the splendors of Chinese colors, (not in woven fabrics any more than in decorated potteries,) we are able, and on terms of the extremest cheapness, to print what we weave: the printed goods of Lancashire will please the people of China, if only we first send to China for the pattern, and then faithfully copy it. On this ground, then,—it is one among many instances,—there is a division of labor instituted between nations on the opposite sides of the planet; it is a distribution of tasks which is founded upon the

nature of things within the two countries respectively; and it is therefore likely to be permanent; nor is it out of reason to imagine that cotton grown on the flats of the Mississippi and spun and woven in England, should be sent to China to be dyed, in whole colors, and then returned to the shops of London and Paris, taking a place and commanding a price as goods not to be matched, and as evidences of what may be done when Europe, America, and Asia join hands and work upon a system—a system which Nature has chalked out for them. Only take the poppy out of this world-wide field, and we shall all fare the better—China, India, England, and America."—*North British Review*.

**TYPE OF A BURMESE VILLAGE.**—Select an easy, rolling slope, with knolls and tangled thickets, gently declining from a range of heavily timbered hills. Flank it on either side with interminable jungle, affording secure cover for the various forest-life. In front of all, train a wide, rapid, darkly, discolored stream, abundantly stocked with alligators, water-oxen, and other such fishy game; and fill up your background with teak-forests and remote mountains, with here and there some paddy-fields between, which shall pasture your wild elephants. Cover your ground with creepers, cactuses, canes, and various tropical vegetation in a wilderness of profusion. In among these, plant your native bamboo huts as thickly as you can, and with picturesque freedom of arrangement. —*The Golden Dagon*.

**GOTTHOLD'S EMBLEMS; or Invisible Things Understood by Things that are Made.** By Christian Sinder, Minister of Magdeburg in 1671. Translated by the Reverend Robert Menzies, Hoddam.—A series of religious reflections on incidents, natural phenomena, and any thing that turns up capable of being what is called "improved." The book resembles some modern works having a similar object; each reflection being devoted to a day in the year, the present volume coming down to June 30. During the life of the author, and for some time after his death, the *Emblems* were very popular. They dropped out of sight during the cold and artificial days of the eighteenth century, to have their German popularity restored in the present age.—*Spectator*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GERMAN LOVE.\*

EVERY human face, say the learned in these matters, carries written upon it the story of its owner. The prevailing thoughts have shaped the organs; the prevailing passions have furrowed the lines. No emotion, whether of joy or sorrow, passes off without leaving behind it the pencilled traces of its presence. It may be so. We need not quarrel with a theory which for the present is no more than a speculation. The generality of mankind are happily but indifferent phrenologist, and, for our time at least, are likely to be spared a knowledge, which if it ever comes, will make the world intolerable. We have no anxiety to find a window opened into our consciences, to take the public behind the scenes, where we can be seen, stripped of our stage dresses, in naked simplicity; and still less have we a desire to pry curiously into the secrets of others. The living torrents which, for eighteen out of each four-and-twenty hours, stream along our streets, are made up of units, each of whom has a history that would infallibly interest us if we knew it. Every one of them is struggling, suffering, loving, hating, failing, succeeding, doing everything of which the most delightful novel is but a feeble counterfeit; and our feelings, if we were admitted to all these confidences, would speedily be worn threadbare by perpetual friction. Here, too, as in most other things, we have cause to think the world well made; that it is well for us all that we are allowed the exclusive custody of our own secrets.

Further, as we are able to keep our story to ourselves, so it seems as if, for the most part, we were intended to keep it to ourselves; as if human beings should be known to one another only as they come in contact in action and life, while the rest lies between each particular man and his Maker, or should be made known only where reserve is melted down by affection. The interest which the world might feel in any given story is no sufficient reason for communicating it. All ancient literature would not be too high a price to pay for a knowledge of those first thirty years in which the carpenter's Son was subject to His parents in Galilee. But our cu-

riosity is altogether ungratified; we are told as much as there is any occasion for us to know.

Yet although concealment be the rule, it is at times suspended by peculiar circumstances. More than one remarkable man, in the last and the present century especially, has chosen to make mankind his confessor; and has either shadowed out in fiction, or related in actual narrative, his experiences outward and inward. Goethe and Wordsworth considered it their duty to expose the structure and growth of minds which had exercised so vast an influence over their contemporaries. Rousseau, from some unexplained impulse, laid bare in his own person the diseases of which the world was sick. It is idle to examine the motives of such things. Men of genius are sometimes driven to what they do by a force which they can neither resist nor understand; and in these rare instances, where a real mind is really revealing itself, the result is its own excuse.

Of a similar kind, and similarly also to be explained, is the little book which is the subject of the present article. *German Love, from the Papers of an Alien*; may not be strictly an autobiography, but it bears about it the unmistakeable impress of reality. It is the work of an uncommon man, who has sought relief for some inward sorrow by throwing it into a narrative; and although the beauty of the story forbids us to wish that it had not been written, yet it is difficult wisely to speak of it. The writer, whoever he may be, is highly gifted, both in intellect and feeling. The passionate outpourings of such a person are not to be coldly criticized, and we should have preferred perhaps to pass by the book in silence, were it not, first for its most rare merit, and secondly, for the close and intimate acquaintance which the author shows with England and the most modern English literature. He calls himself an alien. He is perhaps one of the many waifs and strays which these late years have cast upon our shore, and his book is the explanation of his exile. The subject of it is the common one—love and disappointment. But the love and the disappointment are peculiar. The nature of them will be best seen by extracts, if a translation can convey tolerably the meaning of language which has been chosen

\* *Deutsche Liebe.* Aus den Papieren eines Fremdlinges. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1867.

with elaborate care. The following is from the opening page:

"Childhood has its mysteries and its wonders, but who can describe them—who can interpret them? We have all passed through this enchanted forest. There has been a time with each of us when we have looked around in perplexity of happiness, and our spirits have steeped themselves in the fair reality of life. Then we knew not where we were, or what we were. Then the whole world was ours, and we were the world's. That was an eternal life, without beginning and without end; without interruption or pain. Our hearts were bright as the sky in spring, fresh as the fragrance of the violet, calm and holy as a Sunday morning.

"And what disturbs this peace of God in the child? How is this innocent, unconscious existence brought to an end? How are we driven forth from this Eden of union and communion, and left desolate and alone on the outer earth.

"Say not, thou with the solemn brow, say not that it is sin. Has the child learnt to sin? Say rather that we do not know, and that we must be resigned.

"And yet it is so sweet to look back into the spring-time of life—again to gaze into its sanctuary—to remember. Yes, in the sultry summer heats, in the sad autumn and the cold winter, there comes here and there a spring day; and the heart says, I, too, feel as though it were spring: such a day it is to-day, and here I lie in the balmy forest, and stretch my weary limbs; I gaze upward through the green leaves, and think how it was with me in childhood.

"All seems a blank. The first pages of memory are like an old family Bible, the opening leaves faded, soiled, or crumpled. Only when we turn on, and come to the chapters which tell how Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise, it begins to be clear and legible."

We have next an exquisite picture of a German home, as it appears idealized in its simplicity: the loving mother; the great church, with its gilt cross; the palace opposite the gate, with the eagles on its pinnacles, and the great banner floating from its central turret. The family are intimate with the Prince, and the boy grows up the playfellow of the royal children. Among the latter is one, the Princess Maria, the eldest daughter, who had lost all use of her limbs, and with a heart complaint in addition, has looked every day for death. She is older than the rest, a sort of guar-

dian angel, as they loved to consider her. One day, when her illness was at its worst,

"She took five rings which she wore on her hand, drew them off one after another, and looked so sad and yet so gentle, that I shut my eyes to prevent myself from weeping. The first she gave to her eldest brother, kissing him as she placed it on his finger; the second and third she gave to her two sisters, and the fourth to the youngest prince; kissing each of them also. I was standing by; I looked fixedly at her, and I saw that she had one ring yet remaining; but she leaned back and seemed exhausted. Presently she caught my expression; and as a child's eyes speak aloud, she saw easily what was passing in me. I did not wish for her ring; but I felt that I was a stranger, that I did not belong to her, that she did not love me as she loved her brothers and sisters; and this gave me a shooting pain, as if I had burst a vein or bruised a nerve. She raised herself up, laid her hand on my forehead, and looked at me so searchingly, that I felt she was reading my every thought. Then she drew the ring slowly off and gave it to me, and said, 'I had intended to have taken this one with me when I went from you, but it is better that you should have it, to remind you of me when I am gone. Read the words which are written on the edge, "As God will." You have a passionate heart and a soft one; may it be tamed by life, and not hardened.' She then kissed me as she had done her brothers. I can hardly describe my feelings. I was a boy then, and the gentle beauty of the suffering angel had not been without its charm for my young heart. I loved her as a boy can love—and boys love with a devotion, a truth, a purity, which few preserve in youth and manhood; but I thought she was a 'stranger' whom, if I loved, I must not say that I loved. I scarcely heard her words; I only felt that our souls were as near as two human souls can be. The bitterness was gone. I was no more alone; I was not an alien, divided from her by a chasm. I was beside her, with her, and in her. I would not take the ring. 'If you would give it me,' I said, 'you must keep it, for what is yours is mine.' She looked at me for a moment, surprised and thoughtful. Then she replaced it on her finger, and again kissing my forehead, answered softly, 'You know not what you say. Learn to understand yourself, and you will be happy and make others happy also.'"

Time passes. The Princess lingers on in life; the boy goes out into the world, and at length returns as a young man, when he is again thrown with her. A feeling rises

between them which is not love in the ordinary sense of the word, but intellectual sympathy. Their minds are touched deeply with the mystic philosophy of the fifteenth century. They discuss the *Deutsche Theologie*, and from thence, and in the mystic spirit, our own most modern English writers; Carlyle, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Matthew Arnold. They spend their days in a Swiss cottage attached to the palace. The misfortune of the lady throws her off her guard. She sees no reason why the playfellow of her childhood should not be the companion of her age. At length prudent people are alarmed. The delightful meetings are brought to an end. He is recommended to travel, and wanders with an aching heart into the Tyrol. Thither, however, his fate follows him. The Princess on the death of her mother has inherited an estate among the Tyrolese mountains, and there he again meets her. She has been warned in the interval. A marriage, even if her health had allowed it, was inadmissible between the high-born lady and the unknown student, and a philosophic friendship was properly considered dangerous. She tells him that they must see one another no more.

"I have caught hold upon your life (she says), forgetting how slight a touch will rob the flower of its petals. In my ignorance of the world, I never thought that a poor sufferer such as I could inspire any feeling stronger than compassion. I welcomed you warmly and frankly because I had known you so long, because your presence was a delight to me, because (why should I not confess it?) because I loved you. But the world does not understand this love, and does not tolerate it. The whole town is talking of us; my brother the Regent has written to the Prince, and requires me to end our intimacy. I am very sorry to have caused you so much suffering: say only that you forgive me, and let us part friends."

Such words can produce but one effect. She is speaking at a disadvantage; a summer twilight amidst mountains and lakes and yellow moonlight are poor supporters to prudence. The old struggle begins again between man and the world; the individual soul fluttering against the bars of its prison, and crying out against social despotism.

"When I recal the stories of my

friends,' he passionately pleads, 'I could tell you volumes of tragedies. One loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was poor—she was rich. Parents and relations despised him, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because it is thought a misfortune that a lady's dress should be made from the wool of a plant in America, rather than from the fibres of a worm in China. Another loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was a Protestant—she was a Catholic. Mothers and priests disagreed, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because, three centuries before, Charles the Fifth, Frances the First, and Henry the Eighth played a political game at chess. A third loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was noble—she was plebeian. The sisters were jealous and two hearts were broken. Why? Because, a hundred years ago, a soldier slew another who was threatening a king's life in battle. He was rewarded with titles and honor, and his great grandson atones with a blighted life for the blood which was then shed by him. Each hour, say the collectors of statistics, some heart is broken; and I believe it. But why? Because in all but all cases the world will not permit us to love each other unless we are connected by some peculiar tie. If two girls love the same man, one must be sacrificed. If two men love the same woman, one or both must be sacrificed. Why? Can one not love without wishing to appropriate?'"

Since, however, there is no alternative, he asks her whether, rather than submit to separation, she will brave the world's displeasure. They love each other with all their hearts. Let them marry. She is silent for a time. At length she says:

"I am yours. God will have it so. Take me as I am. While I live, I live for you. May God join us again hereafter in a fairer world, and reward you for your love!"

The Princess consents; but the Destinies are unrelenting. Another solution awaits the difficulty. She had been warned against excitement, and the struggle had been too much for her. In the night which follows this scene, her heart stops suddenly, and cannot recover itself. Her lover wakes in the morning to receive her last message, the ring with the inscription on it, "*Wie Gott will.*"

"And days and weeks and moons and years are gone (he says). My home has become strange to me, and a strange land is



my home; but her love remains for me; and as a tear falls into the ocean, so has my love for her dissolved in the living ocean of humanity, and interpenetrates and envelops millions—millions of those 'strangers' whom from my childhood I have so loved. Only on still summer days, when I am lying alone in the green forest of nature, and know not whether beyond its circle there breathe any other men, or whether I am solitary upon the earth, then the past stirs again in the churchyard of memory. Dead remembrances rise up out of their graves. The omnipotence of passion flows back into my heart, and streams out towards that fair being who again is gazing on me with her deep, unfathomable eyes; and then my affection for 'the millions' is lost in my affection for the one, and my thoughts sink baffled before the inscrutable mystery of the finite and infinite love."

With these words the book ends. Were it a fiction, the story would have been made more complicated, or would have been told

with less intensity of passion. Only real life can provide materials at once so simple and so beautiful. Whether, however, it is well for us to dwell in this way over sufferings which in some degree fall to us all,—whether the wise man does not rather let the dead bury their dead, and live—not in a past which is beyond his control, but in a present and future which are in some degree his own—is a further question. The heart knows its own bitterness; it is rare that we can wisely advise others, far less undertake to judge them. If the author has found any true comfort in writing this book, it is well. German literature has received a fresh ornament; and a noble nature has shaken off some portion of its distress. But sorrow, if a good medicine, is a dangerous food. There is a luxury of grief, which, like opium, seems to soothe, yet is stealing into the veins like poison, and the victim sinks at last in despair.

ST. PAUL'S JOURNEY TO DAMASCUS.—Allow me to ask what *ancient* authority exists, either in sculpture or painting, for representing St. Paul as having been on horseback when travelling on his memorable journey towards Damascus?

In our translation of the Bible, the expressions used are "as he journeyed" (Acts ix. 3., *πορεύεται*); and the Apostle himself says, "as I made my journey" (Acts xxii. 6., *πορεύομαι*). The same words, we see, are employed both in the Greek and English in the two passages. Lord Lyttelton in his *Observations on St. Paul's Conversion*, uses the phrase: "Those in company with Saul fell down from their horses, together with him." Doddridge expresses himself much in the same manner: "He fell to the ground, being struck from the beast on which he rode, as all that travelled with him likewise were." In the recent valuable work (by Conybeare and Howson), *The Life and Epistles of St. Paul*, the writers say: "We know not how he travelled: there is no proof that he was on horseback, although it is very probable," (vol. i. p. 91.).

In Reuben's noble picture, now at Leigh Court, which Waagen terms a masterpiece, St. Paul is represented as having been thrown over the head of his spirited long-maned horse; and the horses of three of the attendants rearing and running away.

The same also would appear to be the tradi-

tional view of the Greek Church, from a woodcut of the conversion of St. Paul, which has been described to me by a friend, who saw it in an old Russian Primer taken from a corpse on the field of Alma.

In various pictures of modern date, and also on the pediment of our metropolitan cathedral:

" . . . That stupendous frame,  
Known by the Gentile's great Apostle's name,"

he is represented by the sculptor Bird, as falling from his horse. This piece of sculpture contains eight large figures, five of which, beside that of St. Paul, are on horseback.

Walpole, when speaking of this work, is not very complimentary: "Any statuary (he says) was good enough for an ornament at that height, and a good statuary had been too good."

St. Paul, it will be recollected, carried letters from the high priest to the synagogues in Damascus. The political state of that city, where his name was known, was at the time somewhat critical; his journey was, therefore, invested with some importance.

The length of the journey may be computed at 136 miles, which is travelled by caravans in about six days. St. Paul's position, therefore, and the distance to be traversed, are material facts in forming an opinion on this question, and lead us to infer that the journey would not be performed on foot.—*Notes and Queries*



From The Athenæum.

*Memoirs of Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, from 1792 to 1841—[Mémoires du Maréchal Marmont, &c.] From the Original Manuscript of the Author. Vol. v. Paris, (Perrotin.)*

It was originally announced that these "Memoirs," occupying "ten volumes," would extend over the period from 1792 to 1832,—we are now informed that Marmont brought his narrative down to the year 1841; and the publishers promise to complete the work in "eight large volumes." The Marshal of the Empire, therefore, may be expected to become the critic of the Citizen-King. But why was it intended at first to suppress these later chapters?—and why has that determination been revoked? The Marshal himself desired that his chronicle should be produced to the public literally as it was written. It is to be hoped that the editors have not ventured to be discreet,—for any exercise of discretion on their part might materially impair the value of the "Memoirs" as a new quarry to supply the historical architect. Hitherto we have detected no traces of reserve or mutilation. The narrative itself is an unchecked commentary on characters and events, while the illustrative correspondence throws a thousand lights and shadows on the civil and military policy of the Emperor Napoleon. Some of his most characteristic letters are here preserved. We see him here as he was seen by his marshals,—we follow his plans as they were originally traced on paper,—we understand, even more clearly than before, that it was the mortal disease of vanity which reduced him, until he became, at St. Helena, the attenuated shadow of his former self. In 1813, after the wreck of the Grand Army in Russia, the repulse in Spain, the eruption of discontent in France,—he still boasted of his power to arbitrate between empires and to determine the destinies of Europe. The glory of Lutzen gave a new stimulus to this infatuation. Moscow was remembered as an accident—Salamanca as an insignificant variation from a course of victory;—success was present, and Napoleon, with new hosts in the field, prophesied for himself a new Austerlitz and a new Marengo. Neither Marmont, nor any other general admitted to the military council, ever seems to have hazarded a doubt of the Imperial policy; a

humble suggestion, in a strategic sense, was all that the mighty Dukes or Marshals ventured to interpose between the will of the Emperor and the obedience of the vast human organization at his command.

The Duke of Ragusa remained for some time in Paris before entering upon the campaigns of 1813. Two months and a fortnight of the courtly indolence of the capital formed, he says, an epoch in his life. The brilliance of the Empire was new to him. For nine years he had sojourned in camps, while Napoleon, "in servile imitation of the past," had been ordering uniforms for the grand officers of the state, compiling tables of precedence and codes of etiquette, and busying himself with a theatrical restoration of ancient ceremonies. Marmont was not unconscious of the humiliation imposed on a soldier by compelling him to wear a Macaronic costume, and to contrast his scars with the silken softness of a lady's page. A Marshal of the Empire was no more than a private in Napoleon's camp, and a liveried servant at Napoleon's court. Meanwhile, what were the reflections then passing through every serious mind? That the Emperor was a political suicide—that the Grand Army no longer existed—that thousands of Frenchmen in Prussia and at Dantzic still suffered miserably from the consequences of his insane ambition, that enemies were multiplying and friends becoming fewer:—yet France, affirms Marmont, was not unwilling to give Napoleon one more opportunity of regaining his position in Europe.

"It was hoped that he had been corrected, and that France might at length enjoy the consciousness of power in the bosom of repose. Levies were made without difficulty, and even with enthusiasm. An immense demand for horses was responded to without murmurs and without delay. All went forward so rapidly that it seemed as if armies were starting out of the earth."

Marmont, high in command, restored to the Imperial confidence, still full of ambitious illusions, then entered upon the German campaign of 1813. He describes particularly the entire series of incidents leading up to the Battle of Lutzen—details which must have a special interest for the military reader. After the first great conflict, he lay down to rest on the ground:

"Suddenly, I heard the approach of cavalry—the Prussians were coming down upon us.

The state of my wounds rendered it imperative that I should take some precautions for my own safety, and having no time to mount, I threw myself into the centre of the square formed by the 37th regiment of light infantry. This regiment at that time ill-organized, though since become very effective, abandoned itself to panic and fled. At the same time my staff and escort got away from the point at which the enemy's charge was taking place. The unhappy regiment in retreat mistook them for the Prussians, and fired upon them. Hurried along by the movement, my very soul was grieved by the error which I saw had been committed; our poor officers were being slain by our own hands; yet I fancied that the Prussians must be mixed up with them."

Accordingly,—not being so hot-headed as Nelson at Trafalgar—Marmont took himself out of the way, with his hat, under his arm, that the enemy might not recognize the white plumes of a Marshal. The next attack was vigorously repulsed, and Lutzen was a decided victory. "I am once more the master of Europe!" said Napoleon to Duroc in the evening. The road to Dresden was open. Marmont advanced along it. The Russian Emperor and the Prussian King, who, within forty-eight hours had established their headquarters there, retired with precipitation, and the French made a triumphant entry.

During the period preceding this event, which seemed to revive the lustre of the Imperial arms, Marmont had been in constant communication with Napoleon. The Emperor's instructions were, as usual, minute and decisive. He left little discretionary power in the hands of his confidential military agent—for such, in effect, was the Marshal. Every thing was initiated by him, every thing was directly subject to his control.

The Seventeenth Book of the "Memoirs" contains the history of the campaign, from the passage of the Elbe at Priesnitz, to the Battle of Dresden, and the minor engagements of Possendorf, Falkenheim and Zornwald. Duroc and Moreau disappear from the scene. The armistice of Pleiswig and the Congress of Prague were followed by a fresh impulse given to the war by the egotistic confidence of the Emperor and the resentful contumacy of the Allied Powers. The Prussians, says Marmont, fought with real hatred against the French. After the day at Reisenbach, Duroc was killed by a

stray ball. Though a Duke of the Empire, a Grand Marshal and a favorite, he had fallen into a melancholy and jealous mood, and said to Marmont—"My friend, the Emperor is insatiable in his love of conflict; but we shall rest here—it is our destiny." On the same day he received his mortal wound, dying on the morrow "in atrocious torment." Napoleon when he had lost Duroc "was surrounded only by his flatterers, and theirs was the only counsel he cared to receive." The victory of Bautzen came after that of Lutzen, to enhance the deception that possessed his mind; yet both battles were without result. Europe was rising against its conqueror; but his armies, magnified by immense additional levies, inspired him with unlimited courage,—and when, during the armistice, Metternich pointed to the prodigious combination against him, he answered—"Ah, well, the more numerous you are, the more certainly and the more easily I shall beat you?" Prince Metternich quitted him after a conversation which lasted ten hours, having lost all hope of entering into any negotiations which could possibly end in peace. On his part, Napoleon abandoned himself to the idea that Austria would remain neutral—for his last words were, as Metternich went out at the door, "Well, then, you will not make war upon me?"

As a last resource, the Congress of Prague was convened, but vainly. The French Plenipotentiaries declared themselves to be without instructions. At midnight, on the 12th of August, 1813, the last day of the armistice, the Allies declared that hostilities would commence on the 16th. On the 12th the Plenipotentiaries received their powers, but too late. This proceeding, Marmont declares, was highly characteristic of the Emperor:

"Napoleon, during the latter years of his reign, preferred losing all to ceding any thing. In this respect his character had undergone a great modification. He was no longer the young hero of Italy, who had known how to renounce the immediate hope of taking Mantua, and who had even resigned himself to the abandonment of a hundred and fifty siege guns, then in the trenches, that he might march, give battle to the enemy in the field, and return to resume the execution of his project. If, in 1813, Napoleon had made peace (which he

might have done with honor after his victories at Lutzen and Bautzen), he might have received considerable advantages to himself, while he satisfied the public opinion of France. He would have recompensed his country for the efforts it had made to sustain him. \* \* He might, in two or three years, have recommenced the struggle with forces more complete and more imposing than ever;—but his passion dragged him on. His superior intellect undoubtedly suggested to him the value of a temporizing policy; but a fire burned in his heart, a blind instinct led him on. \* \* This instinct, more powerful than reason, domineered over his understanding."

"Moreover, he had an insidious counselor, says Marmont. This was the Duke of Bassano, who repeated continually these words—"Europe is waiting, and impatient to know whether the Emperor will sacrifice Dantzic." Thus caressing the pride and encouraging the pretensions of his master, the Duke of Bassano urged him forward in the cause which led "to the fall of Napoleon and the destruction of the Empire." Marmont, not daring to oppose his policy, contented himself with discussing and blaming his military plans.

The dissatisfied soldiers in the army before Dresden mutilated their hands that they might be incapable of further service. This practice, according to the Major-General of the Emperor's staff, had become almost an epidemic. In order to counteract it, Napoleon directed that two men out of each division, upon being convicted of the offence, should be shot in the presence of their comrades, and issued a secret order that every act should, in future, be punishable with death. This is a remarkable illustration of the discipline which it was found necessary to enforce in the ranks of the Grand Army. From the date of the occupation of Dresden all went wrong in the Council Chamber of the Emperor:—he suffered many repulses in the field,—and, as usual, blamed his lieutenants. To Marmont he said, when the Allies seemed ready to displace him in the theatre of war,—“The game is getting confused; it is only I that can restore it to order.” Upon which the commentator remarks, “Alas! It was he who had lost himself in this labyrinth.”

Marmont describes King Murat as no less absurdly egotistical than King Joseph:

“I met Murat daily and familiarly. I

found him an excellent, unpretending companion. He lavished much friendliness upon me. I repaid this good will by the patience with which, day after day, I listened to his stories about his kingdom. He often spoke to me of the affection entertained by his subjects towards him. There was a sort of laughable candor in his language, betraying a profound conviction that he was necessary to the happiness of the Neapolitans. Among other things, he told me that, when he was about to quit Naples (his idea of departure being a secret), he took a walk with the queen, and, hearing the popular acclamations around him, said to her, ‘Ah, poor people they are ignorant of the misfortune they are about to suffer. They know not that I am going away!’ I listened smiling; but he, while he related the incident, seemed still touched by a sense of the public sorrows he had caused.”

The golden-coated horseman flattered himself with the idea that he was a father to “his people.” Napoleon, the patron of these little kings, sometimes assumed the airs of a moral philosopher, especially when he conversed in private with Marmont.

“He drew a distinction between a *man of honor* and a *conscientious man*, giving his preference to the former, because, he said, we know what to expect from a man who is bound simply and purely by his words and his engagements, while in the other case we depend on his opinions and feelings, which may vary. ‘He does that which he thinks he ought to do, or which he supposes is best.’ ‘Thus,’ he added, ‘my father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, has done that which he believes conducive to the interest of his people. He is an honest man, a conscientious man, but not a man of honor. You, for example, if the enemy had invaded France and stood upon the heights of Montmartre, you believe, perhaps with reason, that the welfare of your country commands you to desert me, and you do it; you may be a good Frenchman, a brave man, a conscientious man, but you are not a man of honor.’”

Then, a man of honor is not an honorable man.

“It may be imagined [adds Marmont] what an impression these words made upon me—an impression that has never been effaced from my memory.”

The terrible two days at Leipsic partially restored Napoleon to a sense of his position. Marmont, his arm still crippled by his Spanish wounds, received a shot through his hand and a contusion on his left arm. One

ball had struck his hat, another had lodged in his clothes, and four horses were killed, or disabled, under him. His staff fell thickly around him as he rode. From Liepsic to the Elster, to Weissenfels, to Hanaau, to Mayence, the French army fought its way.

"Our return to the soil of the Empire seemed to put an end to our sufferings; but, in reality, only suspended them for a moment. We were destined, still later, to be overtaken by many a stroke of disaster and many a stroke of misery."

So ends the Eighteenth Book of the Marmont Memoirs. The correspondence appended to it proves that the Marshal's plans of the campaign differed in some material points from those of Napoleon. As he had declined to become the Emperor's brother-in-law, so he now refused to become, without a protest, his associate in insane expeditions; but Napoleon was desperate. Vigorous, unwearied, perpetually hopeful, he hurled his armies from place to place, as if convinced that success was his, by a right more indefeasible than that of any hereditary king of men. "Issue this order to every column," he wrote,—"They must never pause to rest upon the spot where they have seen the sun go down." Night and day were devoted to the war. No degree of celerity could satisfy his impatience; no precision could appease his hunger for news from the several divisions. "You send me officers who are mere children, who know nothing, and who can communicate verbally no information whatever. Send me men." Before the closing battle of the campaign, Napoleon issued the most exact instructions to his generals. To Marmont he wrote:

"Arrange your troops in two lines instead of three. A third rank adds scarcely any

thing to your fire, and still less to your bayonet charge. \* \* You will perceive the advantage of this. The enemy, accustomed to count upon three ranks, will estimate our strength at one-third more than it is."

Sometimes his impatience broke out in petulant complaints. After the brilliant defence of Schœnfeld, he omitted all notice of Marmont from his bulletin to the army. Marmont appeals bitterly against this invidious reserve.

"I was ten hours under the fire of the enemy. \* \* Never at any period of my life, did I serve you more devotedly than on this occasion. There is not a soldier in the sixteenth corps who will not attest it; yet your Majesty does not deign to mention me in your recital of the events of this glorious day. Sire, next to the humiliation, and the still greater danger, of being under the command of such a person as the Prince of Moskowa, I can imagine nothing worse than to see myself completely passed over amidst circumstances like these."

Elba is in sight. There are not many stages to be traversed between Liepsic and Fontainebleau. Marmont already feels the Empire drifting from beneath the feet of a triumphant soldiery. The Emperor, he thinks, was unjust to him; he is now rigorously just to the Emperor. And it is without hesitation that he imputes to the deficient strategy and mental aberrations of Napoleon the calamities of 1813. No doubt, when Waterloo closes the cloudy and fiery scene, Marmont will throw a last aspersions on the fame of his mighty commander. Few Frenchmen seem to have realized so unmistakably as he the sense of disgust and fatigue excited by the restless and devouring pride of the self-elected Cæsar.

**NAPOLEON'S STAR.**—"One day, at Fontainebleau, Fesch was disputing harshly, as was his usual custom, indeed. The Emperor grew angry, and told him that he, a libertine, an infidel, had good grounds for assuming such an hypocritical manner, &c. 'It is possible,' said Fesch, 'but that does not prevent you from committing injustice; you are devoid of reason, justice, and pretexes; you are the most unjust of men.' At the end, the Emperor

took him by the hand, opened the window, and led him on to the balcony. 'Look up there,' he said, 'do you see any thing?' 'No,' replied Fesch, 'I see nothing.' 'Well, then, learn to hold your tongue,' the Emperor went on; 'I can see my star; it is that which guides me. No longer dare to compare your weak and imperfect faculties to my superior organization.'"*—Marmont's Memoirs.*



From The Literary Gazette.

*Little Barefoot.* By Berthold Auerbach.  
[Barfuessele.] Stuttgart: Cotta.

ONE of the most noteworthy characteristics of the present age is its tendency to self-examination. It is self-conscious, introspective, continually feeling its own pulse. Its anxiety to know all about itself has created a new branch of science—statistics; and a new branch of literature—the social novel. The press, the pulpit, the platform, are continually engaged in telling it what it ought to think about itself. The very historian of the past is expected to connect his subject with the present, by means of that ingenious invention, the historical parallel. Every writer of eminence must deliver his witness touching the tendencies of the times; well and good if he can felicitate the march of intellect and enlarge upon the demerits of the dark ages; if not the world is just as well pleased to lament over the decay of faith and feeling with all the gusto of a *malade imaginaire*. It is indeed a common weakness of mankind to make the most of trifling ailments and the least possible of serious disorders; hence, perhaps, the eagerness with which a generation in the enjoyment of unexampled material prosperity, turns to pictures of poverty it has slightly felt, and of mental struggles it has hardly experienced. One great reason of the popularity of Herr Auerbach, which seems gradually extending to this country, is his mastery over each of these subjects of description, and his ability to combine both in the same book. He draws the life of the poor with marvellous fidelity, but the living objects of his delineations are far from belonging to the class that is said to whistle for want of thought. *Little Barefoot* is always thinking of something, or, if she ever ceases, Herr Auerbach himself comes forward and occupies us with two or three pages of cogitation, until his active little heroine is rested, and ready to trudge forward once again on her serious and shoeless journey.

"*Little Barefoot*" is in fact a book of minute details of the outer life on the one hand, and of the evolution of character on the other, and it is difficult to determine which object occupies the first place in the author's design. *Little Barefoot* herself, as will easily be supposed, is an orphan girl, who, from small beginnings, and amid un-

favorable belongings, grows up into the "perfect woman, nobly planned." It is obvious that the sustained exhibition and gradual development of a character require powers far more unusual than those needed for the successful representation of its appearance at a particular period of life; and the reader of the story may see cause to be thankful that the vivid painter of rural manners and customs is at the same time the metaphysician who has written a life of Spinoza. Whether indebted to his philosophical training or not, Herr Auerbach is never for an instant oblivious of his keynote, which is struck in this wise in the initiatory chapter:

"Down a path between gardens, early on a misty autumn morning, two children, a boy and girl from six to seven years old, are going hand in hand towards the village. The girl, evidently the older of the two, carries a slate, books and copy-books under her arm; the boy has the same in a bag of gray linen, hanging open over his shoulders. The girl has a cap of white drill, reaching almost to the forehead, and bringing out the prominent arch of the brow; the boy has nothing on his head. Only one step is to be heard, for the boy wears stout shoes, but the girl is barefoot. Wherever the path allows, the children walk together, but where the hedges are too close, the girl always walks first.

"A white vapor lies upon the fallow foliage of the bushes, and the haws and spindle-berries, but more especially the hips, bristling on their bare stalks, have all a silvery appearance. As the children come along, the sparrows in the bushes set up a chirp and fly away in restless little troops and settle again at a short distance, once more to take flight and fix upon an apple tree in a garden, where their alighting brings down many a rustling leaf. A magpie darts from the path into a field, to the great wild pear tree where the ravens are cowering in silence; she must have told them something, for they rise on the wing and circle round the tree, one old one alighting on the giddy topmost twig, while the lower boughs afford the others good places for a view. Doubtless it concerns them to know why the children with the school-books have taken the cross way, and are going out to the village, nay, one of them flies forward like a scout, and perches on a pollard willow by the pool. The children, however, go quietly forward till they have reached the high-road by the alders about the pond; they cross it, and go to a humble-looking house on the other side.



The house is shut up, the children stand at the door and knock gently. The girl cries courageously, 'Father! Mother!' and 'Father! Mother!' are repeated by the boy in a more timid tone. The girl grasps the frosted latch and presses it gently; the boards creak, she listens, but nothing ensues; and now she ventures to move the latch quickly up and down; the sound dies away in the dreary space within, and no human voice answers the boy, who, with his mouth at a cranny, is again crying 'Father! Mother!' He gazes inquiringly at his sister; while he has been looking down his breath has frozen on the door."

The tone of the book never varies from that of this introduction; the latched door remains fast, the hazy pallor of the autumnal morning broods over these pages to their conclusion, though this is intended to be a happy one; the feet of the sister and the head of the brother remain their weakest parts respectively throughout, and, whenever the orphan pair are in a strait, the girl always goes first. Both characters are drawn with infinite skill, and it is difficult to say whether the delineation of the active self-reliance of the one, or of the feeble shiftlessness of the other, evinces the profounder knowledge of the human heart. The chief interest is, of course, concentrated upon Little Barefoot's resolute battle with the external hardships of her lot, and the slow development of her mental powers—slow, at least, till an apparently hopeless attachment comes to transfigure her whole existence. There are, however, many other characters drawn with force and truth. At one period of her life, for example, Little Barefoot lives with Black Maranne, a single woman of very independent and peculiar character. The great fact in her life is the absence of her son John, who has been away more than thirty years, whose return she continually awaits with feverish expectancy, but whom Little Barefoot, in common with the whole village, knows to be dead. No one, however, dare say a word, and Little Barefoot is compelled to listen in silence to the mother's hopes and fears for the dead:

"Amrei [*i. e.*, Anna Maria, Little Barefoot's Christian name] was herself often afraid in the long silent winter nights when she sat and heard nothing but the drowsy clucking of the fowls and the dreamy bleating of the kid, and it really was like witch-

craft to see how fast Maranne spun. She herself once said, 'I think my John helps me to spin,' and yet she complained that she could not think of him that winter so much as had been her wont. She reproached herself on that account with being a bad mother, and complained of feeling as if her son's features were gradually becoming indistinct, as if she were forgetting all that he had done, his laughing, singing, and crying, his climbing trees and jumping over ditches. 'It were terrible,' she would say, 'if all this were to die away and nobody know any more of it,' and she would then, with visible constraint, tell Amrei everything to the least particular, and Amrei felt fearfully uncomfortable to hear all this said over and over again of a dead man, as if he were still alive. And again Maranne complained, 'It is really a sin that I should be able to weep no more for my John. I have heard once, that you can weep for a lost one as long as he lives and till he is decayed in the grave. When he has become dust, the tears are all dried up. No, that cannot be; my John cannot, must not, shall not be dead. \* \* \* O joy! come, John, sit down here. Tell me nothing, I will know nothing, thou art here, and that is good. What matter where thou hast been? The long, long years have only been a minute. Where thou hast been I have not, and now thou art here and I have thy hand, and will not let it go till it is cold. Well, Amrei, John must wait till you are grown up; I say no more. Why don't you speak?'

"Amrei felt as if a hand were upon her throat, the spectral dead seemed everlastingly before her; the secret rested on her lips, she might utter it, and then the roof would fall in, and there would be an end of every thing."

After this we think Herr Auerbach may safely entrust his claims to the arbitration of a jury of mothers. There is one English writer of whom his works remind us somewhat forcibly—Miss Martineau. There is the same shrewd, solid, somewhat hard common sense; the same active and genuine benevolence; the same insight into character and the springs of action; the same fidelity of description and power of producing a picture from the combination of minute details. It is due to him, however, to say that his stories, so far as we are acquainted with them, offer no traces of the dogmatic tone that occasionally renders the English lady's books what the Latins euphemistically termed *less agreeable*.

From The Athenæum.

*On Mental Calculation.* By G. P. Bidder.  
From the *Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers.*

MR. GEORGE BIDDER is one of those wonders of mental calculation of whom one appears from time to time. More than forty years ago he was exhibited by his father; and his extraordinary power raised him from the position of a common laborer, in which, as he says, he was born, to an honorable place in a scientific profession. And we will venture to guess that he had a sensible father,—a very necessary appendage to a juvenile prodigy. All who have read the history of Zerah Colburn know how his prospects were blighted by his father's want of judgment.

Once, when young Bidder was exhibiting before a large school, and giving an idea what a nice thing it must be never to be kept in for arithmetic, the boys were invited to propose questions out of their *Walkingame*. One of the younger ones seeing a question with *Newton* in it, thought it must be something very deep, and proposed it. It was—"Newton was born 1642 and died in 1727, how old was he when he died?" On which the schoolmaster remarked—"Why, you stupid fellow, I could almost do that myself." It is not Mr. Bidder who tells this story: we vouch for it ourselves.

Newton used to say that he did not owe his discoveries to any particular sagacity, but to patience and attention. At this assertion of Newton's we laugh; and Mr. Bidder will therefore not be offended at us when we laugh at his opinion that *his* peculiar power is attainable by any one who will devote time and attention enough. In a sense this is true; any one can jump over the moon who will only jump *high enough*: and if any one who originally possessed an enormous jumping power had actually practised and practised till he could go clear over the moon, that person would probably tell the rest of his species that as much practice would enable them to do the same. The truth is this: all men of extraordinary power of any kind, from Newton to the Wizard of the North, know that long attention and perseverance have been essentials of their success, and could not have been dispensed with. They know also that so far as their own *will* was concerned, attention and perseverance

were all they contributed; and they forget what their own nature supplied, because they themselves were only concerned with drawing it out, and not with putting it there. If Smeaton had said that any man could build a lighthouse among the waves who would observe and study enough, and had forgotten to stipulate for such a rock as the Eddystone,—or, better still, had affirmed that every harbor has just such a rock, if people would only look for it,—he would take his place in a company which contains Newton and many others, Mr. Bidder included. The fact is, that the exercise of talent is a game at which those who look on see more than the players.

Mr. Bidder lays a very proper stress upon the cultivation of memory, as a means of arriving at excellence in mental arithmetic. But he seems to contend that any one who will practice will create memory of an order resembling his own.

"I admit [says he] that my mind has received a degree of cultivation in dealing with figures, in a particular manner, which has induced in it a particular power; I repeat, however, that this power is, I believe, capable of being attained by any one disposed to devote to it the necessary time and attention. In other respects than numbers, I have not an extraordinary memory; indeed, I have great difficulty in learning any thing by rote. I may learn a page of literature or poetry, but it is no sooner learned than it is forgotten."

We shall make this passage the text for a few remarks: the Lecture itself contains details which amply justify the assertion that Mr. Bidder excels other arithmeticians as to natural gift, simply in *memory for numbers*.

First, Mr. Bidder explains that he has no remarkable memory for other things. It would be strange if he had: the law observed is, that an excessive and—not to say morbid—abnormal memory of one kind is generally accompanied by deficiency of other kinds. Those great desiderata, talent, judgment, and memory, which used each to be considered one and indivisible, are now well known to be of as many different kinds as there are different brain-works. To speak of memory only, one person will be able to remember isolated words, repeated by the hundred, but will never know a face until he has seen it many times; another will never forget a person whom he has seen once, and

will never remember three words put together. Mr. Bidder had a natural gift of memory—of potential memory—for numbers, requiring much practice to develop its full power; but still such as another person could not develop by practice, because not possessing the natural capacity.

Again, Mr. Bidder says his mind has "received" a degree of cultivation in figures. From whom? From himself only. And why? Because the power sprouted, and the success of his first efforts gave that pleasure which those possessing extraordinary power feel in its growth. Minds in general cannot receive that amount of cultivation, either from within or from without. Mr. Bidder says he has induced in himself a peculiar power. Not so; he has developed a power which his mental constitution contained. The activity of his mind in the process of developing that power is only one case of that universal provision by which the excitement to action is seldom less than proportional to the quantity of success attainable.

Mr. Bidder states that he never had any great aptitude for mathematics. This frequently happens in cases of extraordinary numerical power. It does not always happen that mathematical and numerical power go together. Wallis and Euler were extraordinary mental computers; Newton had a respectable love of computation, but nothing excessive, and mentally nothing at all remarkable; Laplace was, if any thing, deficient; Lagrange was exceedingly deficient.

The four *spontaneous* calculators whom we recall to mind are all proofs that *memory of numbers* is the distinctive basis of their power. Jedediah Buxton was a peasant who never had any opportunity of trying himself in other things. Zerah Colburn was not extinguished by his arithmetic,—he was able to try the stage, and he ultimately became a clergyman in the United States. Mr. Bidder is a good engineer, and a sufficient mathematician. But the fourth instance is one in which the peculiar power is greater than in either; and greater to an extent which extinguishes all other power whatsoever.

A few years ago, Zachariah Dase was exhibited in London. Twelve figures being written down—as 1 7 6 0 2 8 3 1 4 9 6 1—he would just *dip* his eye upon them, not resting on them more than half a second. He would then repeat them backwards or

forwards, and name any one at command, as the ninth or the fourth; he would multiply by either one or two figures instantaneously, and would name the sum of several results. He would then proceed to other trials; and after spending half-an-hour on fresh questions, if asked to repeat the figures he began with, and what he had done with them, he would go over the whole correctly. His power of calculation in higher questions was what might be supposed from the above. Now, Mr. Dase could do nothing but figure. He could not be made to have the least idea of a proposition in Euclid. Of any language but German he could never master a word. In literature, history, &c. he took not the smallest interest. He would read an elementary book of arithmetic, working the questions as he went on, and, if not furnished with other work to do, would repeat it until he knew it by heart. He was, and probably is, a mere arithmetical machine, incapable of any thing out of calculation.

The point to which we have paid most attention in this notice is the disposition of those who have a peculiar power, of the progressive development of which they are conscious, to suppose that the rest of the human race could do as much, if they paid as much attention. We once met a singular instance out of arithmetic. A professional musician, of immense power of execution, not only never practised on the instrument, but never had practised much. He played for his auditors and for his pupils, but never by himself. The fact was, that he was always *practising mentally*; and his fingers were in slight unconscious motion accordingly. The action of his thoughts was perpetually habituating his fingers to one difficult passage or another. Now, this gentleman used to maintain that anybody could learn any instrument in the same way.

The great masters of whom we have been speaking, whether in arithmetic or any thing else, give this lesson to all mankind. The methods by which they develop their abundance are good, *pro ratâ*, for those who have a less fertile soil to cultivate. If Mr. Bidder, by nature marked 10, can come to 100 by cultivation, then those on whom nature has set the mark 1, may hope to arrive at 10 by the same methods. Mental calculation, and mental practise on the pianoforte, may do something for all; and this may be enforced

by observing how much they have done for some. As the Scotch say, "pluck at a gown of gold, and you will get a sleeve of it"; if Mr. Bidder should induce any one to attempt his methods, in the hope of getting his

mantle, we do not believe he will lead them to his measure of success. But we dare to say that he will not send them on a sleeveless errand.

**BRITISH MUSEUM.**—Such of our readers as are interested in the matter will be glad to hear, not only that the new library and reading-room at the British Museum are approaching completion, but that they will form one of the most splendid edifices of the kind in the world. Having had an opportunity of inspecting the progress of the works, we feel that this is not too much to say, and we heartily declare our sincere conviction that the entire undertaking reflects the highest credit upon all concerned, designers, promoters, architect, and constructors. We shall not weary and confuse our readers by a detailed account of the building, its height, breadth, thickness, span of arch, cubic contents, tons of iron used, &c., &c.; such particulars can only serve the purpose of a technical journal, and can give no definite idea to the general reader. It will be sufficient for us to say that the building appears to fill almost the whole of the large quadrangle around which the buildings which form the British Museum are built. The reading-room is one vast apartment, circular in form, and covered with an immense dome. The lighting comes from the dome and the walls; and when we say that it is as perfect in this respect as the Crystal Palace, it will be understood that there is nothing to be desired. The loftiness of the building, combined with an excellent system of ventilation, ensure an immunity from that atmospheric *stiffness* which is one of the principal characteristics of the present reading-rooms; whilst the substitution of iron and stone for the building materials formerly in use will probably render the propagation of the *Museum flea* entirely dependent upon the visitors themselves. The tables radiate from the walls towards the centre, leaving an open space for circulation around the circular tribune which stands in the middle of the apartment, where the tickets are to be taken and the books delivered. Two iron galleries run round the apartment, and in both of these, and upon the ground floor, the spaces between the windows are filled with shelves for books of reference intended for the free and uncontrolled use of the readers. In the present reading-rooms there is accommodation for about 14,000 of such volumes; but in the new room, great as is the space of wall surface allotted to lighting and ventilation, there will be room for about 20,000 volumes. These are all the facts which it seems necessary to relate of the reading-room; except, indeed, that it is constructed with a lightness combined with strength, an elegance combined with solidity, which rivet the attention and charm the eye directly you enter the door. So far everything is satisfactory; but on carrying your researches further fresh won-

ders dawn upon you. Outside the reading-room is a gallery, three stories high, completely lined with double shelves for the accommodation of books; and all round that again, between the gallery and the outer walls of the building, is an ingenious and beautiful arrangement of galleries and corridors, a perfect maze of web-like iron-work, filling up all the boundaries and corners of the quadrangle, and calculated to contain *one million of volumes*. Stop a moment, reader. Have you any idea of what is meant by a million of volumes, and what is required to accommodate that number? Assuming the breadth of each volume to be one inch (and that is not much when we consider the ponderous tomes with which great libraries abound), a million of volumes will fill *fifteen miles and three-quarters* of shelves! Assuming each volume to weigh one pound (and, considering the heaviness of some authors, that is not much), the weight of such a library is about *four hundred and forty-six tons and a half*! Thanks to the peculiar form of the building, all these miles of shelves are rendered easy of access; and a system of heating by means of hot water pipes, and the almost utter absence of wood in the construction of the building, renders the risk of accident by fire almost inappreciable. The shelves for the books are all to be lined with leather, so as to lessen as much as possible the wear and tear by friction. The basement story is occupied by the hot air pipes, and by a gallery intended for the large collection of journals possessed by the Museum. Altogether, we are at a loss which to admire most—the taste and judgment with which the building has been designed, or the skill and energy with which the design has been executed. It is expected to be in a state of readiness for the public some time in the course of the autumn.—*Critic*.

**ANTIQUITY OF BLACK PUDDING.**—Even black-puddings were not only tolerated, but were fashionable; and when the throat of the ox was, as usual, cut nearly from ear to ear, the blood was caught to make a dish which was thought worthy of figuring in the kitchen of King Remeses. The mode of cutting the throat is still required, by Moslem law, in Egypt; but to eat the blood is unlawful. It was this custom of the country they had just left that made the Hebrew legislator so often warn the Israelites against eating the blood of animals; for while some of the Mosaic laws were in accordance with the patriarchal habits of their forefathers, many were directly introduced in order to correct abuses they had adopted during their sojourn in Egypt.—*Wilkinson's Egyptians in the Time of the Pharaohs*.

## THE COLD WEDDING.

But three days gone,  
Her hand was won  
By suitor finely skill'd to woo :  
And now come we  
In pomp to see  
The Church's ceremonials due.  
The Bride in white  
Is clad aright,  
Within her carriage closely hid;  
No blush to veil—  
For too too pale  
The cheek beneath each downcast lid.  
White favors rest  
On every breast,  
And yet methinks we seem not gay.  
The church is cold,  
The priest is old,—  
But who will give the Bride away?  
Now, deliver, stand,  
With spade in hand,  
All mutely to discharge thy trust.  
Priest's words sound forth;  
They're "Earth to earth,  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"  
The Groom is Death;  
He has no breath;  
(The wedding peals how slow they swing!)  
With icy grip  
He soon will clip  
Her finger with a wormy ring.  
A match most fair,  
This silent pair,  
Now to each other given forever,  
Were lovers long,  
Were plighted strong,  
In oaths and bonds that could not sever.  
Ere she was born,  
That vow was sworn;  
And we must lose into the ground  
Her face we knew :  
As thither you,  
And I, and all, are swiftly bound.  
This law of laws  
That still withdraws  
Each mortal from all mortal ken,  
If 'twere not here,  
Or we saw clear,  
Instead of dim, as now—what then?  
This were not earth, and we not men.

—Allingham's Poems.

## SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE loved are never lonely : round them still  
The air is rife with spiritual essences,  
Whose hauntings—as about sweet flowers the  
bees—  
Pay musical obeisance, and fulfil  
Fond tasks and welcome, though invisible.—  
Nor are the loving lonely : like far seas  
Where man is not, yet living things the breeze

And pregnant wave inhabit, they have shed  
Deep in their hearts, how'er remote from life,  
Images of the absent and the dead,  
And therefore know not loneliness! Alas  
For him who loves not, is not loved—the strife  
Of aimless action only his! To pass  
O'er Earth, like frivolous words forgotten soon  
as said!

—Chambers' Journal.

## GONE.

List to the midnight lone!  
The church-clock speaketh with a solemn tone :  
Doth it no more than tell the time?  
Hark, from that belfry gray,  
In each deep-booming chime which, slow and  
clear,  
Beats like a measured knell upon my ear,  
A stern voice seems to say :  
Gone—gone;  
The hour is gone—the day is gone :  
Pray.

The air is hushed again,  
But the mute darkness woos to sleep in vain.  
O soul! we have slept too long,  
Yea, dreamed the morn away,  
In visions false and feverish unrest,  
Wasting the work-time God hath given and  
blest.  
Conscience grows pale to see  
How, like a haunting face,  
My youth stares at me out of gloom profound,  
With rayless eyes blank as the darkness round,  
And wailing lips which say :  
Gone—gone;  
The morn is gone—the morn is gone :  
Pray.

Wo for the wasted years  
Born bright with smiles, but buried with sad  
tears!  
Their tombs have been prepared  
By Time, that graveman gray.—  
Soul, we may weep to count each mournful  
stone,  
And read the epitaph engraved thereon  
By that stern carver's hand.  
Yet weep not long, for Hope,  
Steadfast and calm, beside each headstone  
stands,  
Gazing on Time, with upward-pointing hands.  
Take we this happy sign,  
Up! let us work—and pray.

Thou, in whose sight the hoary ages fly  
Swift as a summer's noon, yet whose stern eye  
Doth note each moment lost,  
So let me live that not one hour misspent  
May rise in judgment on me, penitent,  
But, till the sunset, Lord,  
So in Thy vineyard toil,  
That every hour a priceless gem may be  
To crown the blind brows of Eternity.

—Chambers' Journal.

M. A. D.